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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

YOUNG.

BY W. G. STEWART.

I'm past eleven to-day, and yet at school,
Where I have been for many a tiresome year,
Plodding in study, underneath the rule
Of teachers who essay my mind to rear
In all that's beneficial, I am told!
I'm educated well—and growing old;
Like men of intellect, I soar aloft,
Like other men of lore, employ my tongue;
Why is it that I must be told so oft
That I am young?

Four years have fled; I now am quite sixteen,
Tall, large, and fob a watch with hunting-case;
Further advanced, some younger look, I ween,
And less experience have in life's great race.
With swift facility I wield the pen,
And mingle every day with business men;
I think there is profession in my walk.
I feel at home, bills, checks and drafts among,
Inform me if they not in error talk
Who call me young.

Arrived at twenty; I'm a man full grown,
Wear a moustache, disport among the fair,
I wander forth at twilight, not alone—
An angel-woman on my arm I bear;
The passion of my heart is fervent, true,
Blank were this life without sweet Delia's too—
A madman in an instant should I be—
Raptures that come from Heaven with love have sprung,
Youth's joys consummate folly are to me,
No longer young!

What, twenty-five? How time speeds on apace;
A husband too, but Della's not my wife,
She had a faithless heart, though lovely face,
That made my soul awhile with trouble rife.
I little thought to rise above the wo
So soon again, but afterwards I know
I happy was with bride of cerule eye,
And we possess a pleasant little fold,
Where God has given us a family tie—
But I'm not old!

Two children sit within my cottage door,
Their voices music make the livelong day,
But I am sad, for one there comes no more
Who used with me to watch their artless play;
Since we were wed how short the season seems,
How soon she slept the sleep that knows not dreams;
This stricken heart, all comfortless it goes—
Oh, has it not by poignant grief been wrung?
My cup with overwhelming sorrow flows
While yet I'm young!

Upon my head stray hairs there are of white,
Three times ten years I've dwelt upon the earth,
Grief and misfortune made existence night
Till murmurs died in resignation's birth.
Now cheerfully each duty I discharge,
Heed not the plagues that throng the world at large;
But every day the sun its light reveals
In genial currents, on the hillsides flung;
I press my children to the heart that feels
It still is young.

Forty years old! Ah no, 'tis forty *young*,
It cannot be that I am getting old;
The physical its vigor loosens some,
Attesting only how the time has rolled;
My spirit leaps as actively as when
A whistling schoolboy numbering but ten;
The hair may be as white as falling snow,
The nerves with weight of years may be unstrung,
But while this heart with life-fire is aglow
I shall be young!

* * * * * *

Their natal threshold have my children left,
Other and kindly hands for them provide,
Source after source of joy I've been bereft,
As swift toward seventy years of age I glide;
Disease prostrates me on a bed of pain,
I yield the strength that will not come again;
Emaciated arms, unlike my own,
Lie at my side, unnaturally cold;
These eyes are dim, my speech is but a moan;
I'm old! I'm old!

September 13, 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY EMMA GARRISON,

AUTHORESS OF "FREDDY IRVIN," "ZAIDEE, OR THE RUBY CROSS," &C.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VERDICT.

Farmer Kent left the Court-house, and rode slowly homeward, without even so much as exchanging a parting word with the unfortunate prisoner. The proceedings of the day had fully decided him in regard to his future conduct. The young man was guilty—or if not, he was eternally disgraced in the eyes of the community, which was equally as bad. He should have no more to do with him—neither should Florence, or any of the rest of his family. Yet, for all this, farmer Kent was not an unfeeling man; he was merely a proud one; exceedingly jealous of his good repute. At that moment, he would not have hesitated to have laid down his last dollar in the young man's behalf—indeed, he had already informed his counsel that they could look to him for whatever was lacking of their fee. But he could not stand by him in person—could not proclaim himself the friend of one so utterly disgraced, lest the black shadow fall upon himself and household.

Florence was looking out for him, on the porch steps, as usual, her face white and weary with suspense.

"Father, father," she cried, as he came up, "tell me quickly; this suspense is so terrible.'

"I've nothing to tell you, child; the trial's over, but the jury'll not give in their verdict till to-morrow."

She turned away with a look of weary despair. "O," she murmured, plaintively, "it is so long—I cannot bear it—anything but this terrible suspense."

Her father put his arm round her and drew her tenderly towards him.

"Florence," he said, gently, "I know you can't help suffering—I know it's a great trial, my poor child—but it's all over now, and you must try to be strong."

"Over, father?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Florence, it's over. The testimony today has proved Mr. Kenilworth guilty beyond a doubt; he will certainly be convicted."

"Father, father—*you* don't believe him guilty?"

"Well, my child, suppose he's not—it amounts to nearly the same. He stands disgraced in the eyes of the community, and will, I am satisfied, be convicted and sentenced to the State's prison. And now, Florence, it behooves you to act like a sensible woman, and to try and banish him forever from your memory. If you'll act discreetly and wisely, your good name and standing will suffer but little in consequence of your former engagement."

"*Former engagement*, father?" she exclaimed, recoiling from him in blank amazement. "Am I not engaged to him now—plighted to him in the sight of Heaven—never to forsake him in life or in death, in honor or in dishonor?"

"Pshaw, child!" he answered, angrily; "you talk like somebody crazy. Plighted to a man who'll soon be convicted of forgery and sentenced to the penitentiary! Drop the silly idea at once, and hearken to what I tell you."

Her face grew almost as white as the snow on the distant mountains; and tottering forward, she sunk down on a seat, and dropped her head on the railing.

"O, Lord," she murmured, in a low, heart-broken whisper, "pity and help me. When my own father counsels me thus, where shall I look but to Thee for help and comfort?"

The old farmer, deeply affected at the sight of her suffering, was about to speak again; but his wife, who had been a silent witness of the scene, came forward and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't, Nathan," she said, persuasively, "her sorrow is great enough already; let us try to lessen rather than augment it."

"But, Alice," he exclaimed, excitedly, "she must give up this foolish notion—she mustn't disgrace herself in the eyes of the world, by clinging on to a condemned criminal. She must renounce him—in justice to herself, she must renounce him."

"There's time enough, Nathan," urged his wife, gently; "leave her to follow her own inclinations until all is over. He'll not be near her long, if our worst fears are realized."

The old man said no more, but stalked away, half repentant and half angry; and gathering her suffering child to her bosom, Mrs. Kent soothed her into calmness with tender words and caresses.

That night was a long and tedious one, not only to the lonely prisoner in his gloomy cell; not only to Florence, kneeling beside her couch with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, like a marble image of the Virgin—but also to the prisoner's counsel, and to the expectant multitude crowded within the limits of Rockville. It may also have been a long one to Attorney Kenilworth, for aught we know, for rumor whispered that he paced his room from dusk till dawn, with knotted veins in his forehead, and that dusky ring about his mouth.

But it passed away at last, and morning rang out its jubilant reveille to call the slumbering world to action. At an early hour, a dense throng rolled and surged about the Court-house. The crowd was even greater than on the preceding day. Every aisle, and nook, and seat was in a perfect jam, yet an almost death-like silence pervaded the entire assembly. Every heart stood still in almost agonizing expectation. But, as before, hour after hour of tedious suspense went by. Once or twice the sheriff passed back and forth through the Court-room, but nothing could be gained from his calm and impassable countenance. At last, as the meridian sun began to gild the windows, the green baize door swung slowly open, and, with grave faces and bowed heads, the jurymen advanced.

The Judge arose.

"Jurors, look upon the prisoner."

The twelve bent their eyes upon the pale, calm face before them.

"Prisoner, look upon the jurors."

The young man arose and turned his dreamy blue eyes towards them.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury, is Horace Kenilworth guilty or not guilty of the felony laid to his charge?"

"Guilty!" responded the foreman.

A deep, shuddering murmur thrilled through the crowd, like an electric shock through a summer forest. The opulent citizens looked a little startled; teachers, politicians and farmers fell back in pitying silence; even sans culottism was for the moment awed; and Ichabod and his followers slunk out of sight, astonished and crest-fallen.

Then the sentence was pronounced. Ten years of confinement, at hard labor, in the State's prison, the sentence to take effect upon the following Friday. Then the prisoner was remanded to his cell.

Again farmer Kent left the Court-house and rode slowly homeward; and again found Florence on the steps awaiting him.

"Father, father," she cried, as he came in sight, "speak, tell me quickly!"

"It's all over, child—and just as I expected. He was found guilty, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years."

She waited to hear no more; but tottering up to her chamber, fell prostrate on her couch, and, in almost unconscious anguish, lay there until morning, when the golden beams streaming through the windows, and the busy steps and voices of the household below, warned her that it was time to be up and about her duty.

Pale and feeble, she arose, and tottering to her wash-stand, bathed her face, and adjusted her dress and hair with scrupulous care, that no disorder in her appearance might suggest suspicions of the anguish in which she had passed the night. Then kneeling down before the picture of Gertrude, she prayed, as human souls only can pray when their little all of earthly bliss is slipping from them.

At ten o'clock, accompanied by her mother, she drove down to the prison; but, early as it was, Attorney Kenilworth was there before her. In conjunction with the prisoner's counsel, he had drawn up a petition for pardon, to be forwarded to the Governor, and was there to obtain his cousin's signature and sanction; both of which, however, the young man steadfastly refused. To ask for pardon, he said, would be a virtual acknowledgment of a crime he had not committed. Let it be for respite then—that more opportunity might be afforded for the discovery of truth, and the establishment of his innocence, insisted the Attorney. Still he would not consent. A respite could avail nothing—his innocence would be made manifest in God's own time. Wholly defeated in his generous undertaking, the Attorney left the prison, and perhaps, as he walked through the village, beneath the free, bright sunshine, and up to his own prosperous residence, he would gladly have sacrificed half his worldly honors and possessions to recall the events of a few past months. But it was too late—too late—the final seal was set.

Florence, whose faith in her lover's innocence amounted to certain knowledge, and who earnestly believed that, if the opportunity were afforded her, she would be able to impress and convince the mind of the Governor, petitioned, with prayers and tears, to be permitted to journey to the capital—not more than a day's ride distant—and seek an interview with the Executive herself. Her mother, too, concurred in her request, but Horace would in nowise consent. He would not solicit, or receive a pardon, inasmuch as he had committed no crime; and a respite could avail nothing, only to prolong a tedious and miserable suspense. So the day was passed in sorrowful inactivity, and the next like it; and then the last, last morning came.

And such a morning! A lowering, weeping sky hung over the mournful earth; and a wild, gusty wind drove the scudding clouds and sobbing rain before it. After a long and painful entreaty, Florence had obtained a reluctant consent from her father to have a last interview with her unfortunate lover; and as the sheriff was to start for the penitentiary at an early hour, accompanied by her mother, she was driven down to the village in the drear, dim dawn.

The mountains loomed up black and dismal against the leaden sky, fringed with heavy, dripping branches, and wrapt in pallid mist. The river gurgled over the rocks with a restless, moaning sound; and the sighing gale drove the rain before it in great, smoky sheets, and bent and bowed the oaks, and tossed the sable pines into all manner of fantastic attitudes. The happy little village looked cheerless and deserted after its recent excitement. Scarcely a sign of life was visible, save here and there a thin blue haze curling out from the top of a chimney; or a muffled foot-passenger hurrying along with a quick, plashing tread. But, early and inclement as it was, the sheriff was already up, and a closed carriage stood before his door.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances, Florence and her mother gained ready admission into the prison, and glided along the mouldy corridor to the prisoner's cell. He was sitting before the little stand, engaged in writing by the light of a dim lamp, but he rose up at their approach, greeted Mrs. Kent placidly, and held out his arms to Florence.

"I was writing you a last letter; but I knew you would come, my darling—I knew I should see you again," he said, holding her to his heart in a kind of convulsive embrace.

Mrs. Kent turned to the window to hide her emotion, and Florence lay there sobbing, all her calmness and composure, for the moment, gone. But, after a little while, she looked up, and brushed away her tears.

"Horace," she said, a faint smile glimmering over her mournful face, "Jacob served fourteen years for Rebecca, but you won't have to serve but ten years for me. It won't be very long, will it, Horace?"

"Not very long—but, my darling, don't talk so—you must not think so," he began, but she hastily interrupted him.

"Horace, Horace, don't say it again—I can't bear to hear it now—listen to me. Ten years won't be long—they'll soon pass away—why it's almost ten years since you gave me the flowers in my parterre, and they're just in their prime now. It won't be long, Horace—and you'll come back—and we'll both be as happy as ever. I hope you'll be able to stand the hard work," she continued, taking his hand in her delicate fingers, "don't you think you will, Horace?"

"Yes, yes; I can bear anything—but you, my darling—"

"O, I shall be very well contented; you know I'll have the end of the ten years to look forward to; and a great many things to accomplish. I'll be very smart by the time you come," she continued, smiling almost cheerfully, "I intend to read and study a great deal while you're gone. Don't look so serious, dear Horace—ten years won't be so very long."

"Not so long," he said, with a burst of irrepressible emotion; "but, Florence, Florence, my name and reputation are gone forever."

"And what does it matter?" she said, uplifting her eyes to his face with a look of adoring tenderness. "*I* know that you are innocent—let the world think what it will. Come back to *me*, Horace—let *me* be your world—*me*, who have never, never doubted you. O, Horace, I have been tempted and cast down during this bitter trial; but at this moment my faith is unclouded. I feel as sure as if God had spoken it, that you will come back to me, and we shall at last be happy together. Our life will be like the days that we have in spring-time—the morning black and stormy, but the noontide clear and cloudless, and the declining evening full of blessed sunshine and perfect peace."

The approach of the sheriff warned them that the last moment was at hand. He held her for a short time in a passionate embrace—then slipped his Bible in his pocket and threw on his cloak. The prison door was thrown open and the sheriff awaited his readiness. A few passionate words and prayerful blessings—hands closely clasped and torn asunder—and choking down his emotion, he was conducted from the cell. Florence followed him with swift and noiseless footsteps, and as he was about to enter the carriage, he felt her light touch upon his arm.

"Horace," she said, eagerly, regardless of the listening bystanders—regardless of the chill rain that beat upon her—regardless of all things save her own undying love, "you did not promise me, and I cannot let you go until you do."

"Promise you what, Florence?"

"That you'll come back to the old place—to our old farm-house, Horace, as soon as the ten years are over."

He could not deny, with that white, pleading face before him.

"I promise," he said, solemnly.

"Before God, and on your honor?"

"Before God, and on my honor!"

"Then, as sure as God lives, and I live, you'll find me there to welcome you. Farewell!"

They entered and took their seats—the sheriff closed the door—the driver mounted the box, and the carriage rolled away, leaving the white, mournful face behind in the dismal rain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SURMISES.

Sorrow has many phases—sometimes it is soft and gentle like the evening dews; sometimes wild and terrific like the sudden tempest; sometimes lofty, Godlike, a very inspiration. True sorrow is always a refining fire, consuming the dross and rubbish of human nature, and brightening and purifying whatsoever it toucheth. A fraternizer of souls, uniting friend and enemy in the bonds of a common brotherhood; and since that day when Divine grief and pity were made manifest through the lineaments of a human face, it has reigned, and will forever reign supreme above all other human passions.

Never was there a deeper sorrow, a sorrow more sublime in its influences, than Florence's. It did not rouse a single boisterous element within her, or ruffle the slightest ripple on the surface of her nature; but, like winter, when he crops down all the summer bloom, and silences the silver voices of the waters, and sheets the earth in his spotless, pulseless snow; wrapt her whole being in a kind of voiceless repose.

Her character, always beautiful and harmonious, was made divinely perfect by the terrible ordeal through which she had been called to pass; pure, and fair, and drossless as priceless gold. Not a murmur ever escaped her lips—not a weary, impatient word—but with steadfast, unswerving faith, such as a way-worn pilgrim feels, looking forward to the Eternal City, she kept her eyes forever turned towards the happy fruition awaiting her at the far-off end of the weary decade.

On the evening following that last morning described in the preceding chapter, she went up to Dr. Pettengill's to gather up her precious treasures, the little all the convict had left behind him. The stern old Doctor essayed to help her, but his heart failed him ere half the task was accomplished; and he went down to the garden to hide his emotion, while she, like a moonlight shadow, flitted about the dingy little chamber, gathering together every book and pamphlet, every stray leaf and scrap of paper; all priceless and precious because of the dear hands that had touched them. Then, with a last, lingering look at the rude writing-stand and humble pillow, she departed; and in her own chamber set up her little case of relics and worshipped them day and night with the ardor of a veritable devotee.

Yet, for all this, Florence was by no means selfish in her sorrow. Though every leisure moment was spent in her own chamber, over some well-worn, heavily-marked volume, dearer because of its associations than its contents, her duty to her parents—to all the household—and to the world at large, was rigidly performed. Never before had she been so tender and thoughtful in her domestic relations, so careful of her father's happiness or devoted to her mother. Indeed, her own sorrow seemed to have awakened in her heart a broad and endless sympathy for all manner of human suffering. There was not a destitute household, a bed of sickness, or an abode of sorrow, in the village, into which her bountiful hand and soothing skill, and sweet-spoken comfort had not entered, and that too with a most beneficent effect.

Hitherto the villagers had admired, but now they loved her with a kind of tender reverence; and there was not one among them, from the Episcopal pastor down to the rudest laborer, who would not willingly have staked his life for her defence or happiness. Perhaps we ought to say Attorney Kenilworth excepted; for a strange change had passed over that worthy gentleman of late—a change that made his faithful constituents open their eyes in wonder. Wherein he had once been all pleasantness and good humor, he was peevish, and at times almost tyrannical. Instead of rolling through the village at a sober pace, dispensing bows and smiles around him, he drove past his old friends like a very Jehu, not even deigning to bestow upon them a recognizing nod.

Concerning the cause of this astounding transformation, a multiplicity of opinions existed. Some said that, having secured his seat in the Legislature, he no longer cared to render himself agreeable and popular; others, that his cousin's misfortune had, somehow or other, affected him; and others, again, that it was all the cause of his unrequited love for Florence Kent. And this last supposition, perhaps, claimed the greatest credence, for, not long after his cousin's departure, the Attorney had called upon Florence, taking with him, as an offering, an exquisite copy of Lalla Rookh and a superb bouquet of hot-house roses. Concerning the nature of this interview, nothing definite was known; rumor said, however, that the Attorney renewed his proposal, and was most scornfully and contemptuously rejected. Be that as it may, it was an established fact that he left the farm-house wearing quite a ferocious aspect, and that Lalla Rookh and the roses lay upon the sulky seat beside him. And after that he did not even deign to turn his eyes towards Florence, and grew more and more tyrannical; and the villagers, as a matter of inference, attributed the change in his conduct to disappointed love. And in the midst of their conjectures and surmises, the worthy gentleman consigned his affairs to the care of a competent steward, and, without even so much as a parting word to his constituents, took an abrupt departure for the State Legislature.

And thus the winter passed away, and another spring came, bringing balmy airs and budding blossoms; and all the while in Miss Tabby's wardrobe lay the bridal satin, and flowers and laces, just as they were left on that memorable evening. "Let them remain," said Florence, whenever she was reminded of them, "until the ten years are over, I shall want them then." And they remained, carefully watched over by Miss Tabby, whose hopeful nature led her to look forward to a day when they would be called forth to a joyful resurrection. And our poor Mary, whom we have sadly neglected, worked on in her accustomed place; half forgetful of her own griefs in her sympathy for others; pale, and meek, and patient, until summer came and added another bitter draught to her already overflowing cup.

Under the oppressive heat of the August sun, her mother's feeble strength faltered, and at last entirely failed. The weary, flickering spark of life went out, and poor Mary was left alone, with nothing to claim as kindred but a freshly-sodded grave in the village burying-ground.

The little cottage with the white rose-vine at the window passed into other hands, and the friendless orphan took up her abode with Miss Tabby; life far more desolate than ever, without an aim or an object, or a single goal in view. Yet she took up its burden uncomplainingly—content to live and labor—and at last to die. Perhaps, after all, though one would scarcely think so at a first glance, Mary's sorrows were even more to be commiserated than Florence's. It combined none of its dramatic interest, none of the undying expectancy of the former—yet possessed the same keen and lasting durability, torturing memories and disappointed hopes.

Florence's single hope, far off and uncertain as it was, threw a kind of idealistic brightness over all the dreary present; but over Mary the cold, leaden clouds of utter despair had settled down in starless folds. One was like a solitary pilgrim, way-worn and foot-sore, with a long and rugged road ahead, but the cheering hope of a promise-land somewhere beyond it; the other, like a lonely prisoner, shut in with bolt and bar, and doomed to pine away amid the dungeon gloom. The sadder fate perhaps, for it is better to breast the wind and tide, and even to perish on the open sea, than to stand with idly-flapping sails amid the stagnant silence of the glazing pool.

Summer expended itself in lavish tints and gorgeous colorings—came chaster autumn with golden slopes of ripening grain, and leagues of russet forest; and then another winter. One year of the decade was gone. Florence stood one year nearer to her ardently hoped for happiness. And this year had wrought many changes in the little village of Rockville. The wharf-house had risen from an obscure shanty into a large, commodious building. A trim, little cutter, known as the "Morning Star," rivalled the "Swallow," in reduced rates and fast running; and sloops and long-boats daily crowded in to take off grain and tobacco. The grocery store had swelled into an important wholesale establishment; and the variety stalls had been transformed into fashionable fancy stores. Brown, Green & Co. were magnificent; Knox unrivalled, and Porter absolutely dazzling.

Not far from the little brown school-house, which still retained its primitive simplicity beneath the clump of oaks, a modern hotel had sprung into existence, and was conducted by an enterprising Yankee, who always had superior accommodations and the very best of fare, but never a drop of whisky, in consequence of which the bronze eagle in front of the Traveller's Rest began to look drooping and crest-fallen. And the change was not wholly external—the people as well as the village seemed to have been progressing. Their views and opinions, socially, politically and ecclesiastically, had undergone something of a modification. Numbers who had been staunch Democrats all their lives were beginning to favor the Whigs; and crusty, old ironside Baptists were softening down under the faithful ministration of the zealous Methodist pastor. But the most important change, with us at least, was a social one, and appertained to Attorney Kenilworth.

Now the people of Rockville, notwithstanding all their obsequious flattery and fawning devotion, had never, from the start, wholly trusted the Attorney. He had come amongst them, a lawyer, not only by practice but by vocation; a subtle, far-sighted man, capable of discriminating between the most minute and varying shades of human feeling—possessing a species of skillful cunning half akin to animal instinct; and by a kind of condescending superiority, which he, of all men, knew how and when to assume, had made them wholly subservient to his will—passive tools to be used at his selfish pleasure; and yet they had never wholly trusted him. For society, the world over, high or low, learned or unlearned, no matter how much soever it may be duped and blinded, is rarely ever entirely deceived. Absolute confidence is never inspired by shams, be they ever so real.

Attorney Kenilworth was at heart a tyrant, and the people felt it, even while they suffered themselves to be entangled in the dazzling meshes of his fascination. They loved the soft touch of his velvet glove, but were in constant dread of the iron hand beneath it. And of late the iron hand had been made manifest; many of them felt their own still tingling from its hard and crushing contact. By degrees, the good people began to become sensible that they had burned their incense, and made their genuflections before the wrong idol. And after a while casual thought settled down into absolute certainty, and public sentiment took a retrogressive current. Such currents are never lacking in force, and the whilom Honized Attorney went down as rapidly as he had hitherto arisen. He would not be likely to reach the national capital by the vote of the Rockville people, unless some other change took place; and that did not seem very likely, judging from existing auspices.

While all this change of feeling was going on, far off and indistinct at first, like the distant rumble of a tempest, but every moment growing louder and louder, the old rumors were heard. No one knew, or cared perhaps, from whence they came, yet everybody repeated and discussed them. On the Court green—in the lecture-room—by the fireside, and on the street corners, they formed the all-absorbing gossip. The lonely convict, who had stood before the judgment bar one year before a condemned and friendless criminal, was now being justified and acquitted by a thousand hearts and tongues.

Why had that lawyer, asked the indignant populace, been permitted to defraud his poor, young cousin out of his rightful possessions? Who knew that he had a legal claim to the old Hall—that he was anything more than a base impostor? Indeed, strange whispers were being circulated to that effect—Rumor loudly asserted that he was the son of a dissipated father, who had, years before, wasted in riotous living more than his share of the patrimonial estate; and that the supposed will was nothing but a cunning forgery. And on these pretexts he had turned his cousin out of house and home, and brought him to his present condition. And, indeed, it might be that the poor young man was suffering innocently after all. Who knew that he really had committed the forgery? Were there not others none too good to do it, and lay the blame on him?

While such conjectures as these were being freely expressed and discussed among the middle classes, Ichabod and his followers, joined by the majority of the sans culottes, who veered like weathercocks before every new gale of excitement, were in a constant tumult over the oracles of Kibbie, the washer-woman. Trifling and unsatisfactory they were, to be sure, so far as real revelation was concerned, but, like those of Delphi had been before them, the more mysterious and incomprehensible they were, the more they were valued and sought after.

Kibbie knew—Kibbie could tell a thing or two if she had a mind—somebody else ought to be in the penitentiary besides that pale young schoolmaster. Why didn't she tell, then? She wasn't going to be dragged to Court, and questioned and cross-questioned for nothing. She would have told long ago, if she could have made anything by it. But let them all go—they didn't care for her, nor she for them. Her old man got into a law-scrape once, and lost all he had by it—she'd keep out for her part.

Persuasions, threats and entreaties failed to elicit anything more, and thus, conjecturing, doubting and surmising, the little village weathered another winter, and threw up all its windows to welcome another spring.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SURPRISE.

Early in April, Attorney Kenilworth returned to Rockville, having served his first term in the Legislature; threw open his sumptuous halls again, and made himself universally agreeable. His fit of peevishness and ill-humor had entirely passed off; he was the same bland, seductive gentleman, he had been a year before, with a friendly bow and pleasant greeting for all his old acquaintances.

The people of Rockville were not a courageous people; consequently they found it rather difficult to make their public action wholly consistent with their private opinions. They could not exactly tell the Attorney what they thought of him, when he stood before them with such a stately and gentlemanly demeanor, and so condescending and smiling withal. They could only bow and simper in his presence and grimace when he turned his back. The Attorney himself seemed in nowise conscious of anything like disloyal feeling among his subjects, and swayed his flowery sceptre with all the graceful suavity of former days—and might, for aught we know, human nature is so weak and vascillating, so liable to be dazed and led astray by every brilliant glitter, have won his old throne back again, and had them burning incense and bowing down before him, but for an unexpected circumstance, which turned the whole tide of public feeling into another and more important channel.

One breezy afternoon, when the April sky hung overhead, one moment darkened by transient shadows and the next bathed in brightest sunshine; when all the surrounding country was palpitating with newly-awakened life—the forest putting forth its tender shoots—the tender grasses springing under foot—the alders tossing out their plumy tassels—the river dimpling silver-bright between margins of sweet-scented verdure—the mountains throwing out their gorgeous vines and silken streamers—and the birds mating and warbling from every spray—when the village and the whole country was in an eager bustle of happy life, Mary Lane sat sewing by Miss Tabby's back-room window. She could hear the pleasant rustle of the maple leaves, and the merry voices of the playful children, and feel the warm, inspiring influence of the opening year; yet she sat there very quietly, working away at her task, hoping to get it done in time to go down to the village burying-ground and weave a fresh garland for her mother's grave. This was her only object, the future had nothing else in store for her, and the past was too sacred, too painfully precious to review.

While she sat there, stitching on her fringes, glancing up ever and anon, as a bird or a passenger went past the window, a quick, sharp clatter fell on her ear; and almost at the same instant a horseman dashed by, drew in his reins, and halted on the opposite side of the street. He was a fine specimen of manhood—tall and muscular, with bronzed features, and a long, flowing beard, and black, curling hair visible beneath a foreign-looking hat, looped up on one side with a sparkling buckle. And his horse, with its lithe, agile limbs, and eager, restless eyes, gave sure evidence of having spent its youth amid the wild freedom of the Pampas. Mary observed him for a moment—so did Miss Tabby, and then broke out excitedly:

"Mary, Mary, as sure's I'm a livin' woman, that's Clifford Kent."

Mary dropped her work, and a sudden thrill, whether of joy or sorrow she could not tell, ran through all her nerves, and sent the blood in crimson torrents to her pallid cheeks.

"Yes, it's Clifford," continued Miss Tabby, "and a heathenish lookin' feller he is—like a wild Injun for all the world. I wonder what he's come pokin' back here for?"

But, even while she spoke, the horseman dashed off again, and Mary resumed her work with a fluttering heart and trembling fingers.

Clifford rode through the village as slowly as his restive steed would permit him, pausing ever and anon to greet his old acquaintances, who thronged around him in glad surprise, and then took the winding lane that led to the old farm-house.

There were the mountains he had climbed so often; the river in whose waters he had sported; all the familiar scenes of his happy boyhood; and as he rode lingeringly along, down the green, winding lane, between the fragrant hawthorn hedges, with the young spring foliage rustling overhead and the westward sun throwing back long shafts of golden light, a softened expression stole over his face, and his restless, daring eyes were filmed with a mist of tears. Perhaps, at that moment, his heart longed for the peaceful innocence and unalloyed delight of departed years, for he had wandered widely from the paths and precepts of his boyhood.

He had been out into the world, and the world had changed him—he was no longer a light-hearted youth, but a world-wise man, baffled, disappointed and discontented. The face he was taking back to his mother was not the same she had kissed not quite two years before—there were lines of care upon it, and an eager restlessness in every feature, which told of something worse than care—of dissipation. Poor Clifford—he was under the power of a merciless tyrant—a tyrant who was bowing down his young manhood in servile disgrace. And now, after a long series of savage-like wanderings and fruitless efforts—weary, despairing and travel-worn, yet untamed and desperate withal, he was going back to his old home, a prodigal son, yet unrepentant.

After a while he reached the old red gate, upon which he and Florence had so often swung, and saw just before him the old farm-house, with its gray, bristling chimneys. Externally all things were the same, but he felt conscious of a change somewhere, though he could not tell where—a change that oppressed him with a kind of chilling fear.

He had not heard from home in a long, long while, having neglected to keep them informed concerning his changing wanderings; and, strangely enough, but owing, perhaps, to his indifference in regard to public affairs, he had not heard a word of the arrest and conviction of Horace; nor had it been hinted to him as he passed through the village. His last hearing from home had informed him of his father's consent, and of Florence's engagement to the schoolmaster; and expecting to find them happily married, but with many unaccountable misgivings, he swung open the gate and rode up to the front entrance.

His mother and Florence, sitting on the porch, were the first to see him, and, notwithstanding his changed appearance, recognized him at a single glance, and came running down to meet him, followed by the old patriarch himself and a promiscuous collection of servants, dogs and children. And then followed one of those scenes more easily imagined than described, made up of smiles and tears, and all manner of extravagant rejoicing. But as soon as Clifford could get his breath, with his eyes on Florence's shadowy face, he asked:

"Where's Horace?"

The unexpected question fell upon them like a thunderbolt. Florence grew as white as death; the old farmer turned off abruptly, and walked away; and Mrs. Kent, seeing no other alternative, explained the circumstances as best she could.

"Merciful Heavens, mother," he exclaimed, fearfully excited, "Horace Kenilworth in the penitentiary, and for forgery? Tell me I'm mad—dreaming—anything but that."

"But, Clifford," interrupted Florence, catching at his arm, "he was only sent for ten years—one's gone now—he'll soon be back again."

Heedless of what she said, he pushed her aside, and hurrying up to the porch, threw himself into a seat, and buried his face in his hands. When he looked up again, it bore marks of great mental suffering, and his eyes burned with a fierce, restless light.

"Mother," he said, hoarsely, rising and beckoning her into the hall, "tell me all about it—every circumstance connected with the arrest and trial—everything you can possibly remember."

Mrs. Kent did as he had requested, detailing minutely and correctly all the circumstances, with which the reader is already acquainted. When she had finished, he started up and paced the floor like one half insane.

"O, my God, my God," he exclaimed, "doomed, sentenced—in the penitentiary—and all my fault—all because he was too noble to betray me."

"Clifford, Clifford, what do you mean, my son?" asked his mother, taking hold of his arm and endeavoring to restrain him.

But, pushing almost rudely past her, he rushed out to the porch. There Florence's pale face met him, and the sight of it seemed to increase his terrible excitement.

"It was my fault, Florence," he cried, in bitter self-reproach. "He didn't forge that note—but he thought I did it, and chose to suffer the penalty rather than betray me. Poor, poor Horace—but there's not a moment to lose; I must hurry back to the village," and before she or her mother could offer a word of remonstrance, he dashed down the steps, mounted his mustang and galloped off.

The sun was quite down when he reached the outskirts of the village, but the rising moon faintly brightened the deepening twilight with its silver radiance. Curbing in his fiery steed, he paused a moment on the brink of the river, to determine upon some definite mode of action. The wild gallop in which he had just indulged had in a measure cooled his frenzied excitement and rendered him calm enough to think; and while he thought, confident as he felt of Horace's innocence, all his ardent hopes of proving that innocence dwindled down into foolish fancies. He remembered the last evening they had spent together—remembered the draft that Horace had written on the red and blue lined leaf of his day-book; and was ready to testify that it was not written with any criminal intention. But what good would that effect? What proof could he produce that, during his absence, the schoolmaster had not changed his mind—had not endorsed and presented that same draft at the banking-house? He felt assured, himself, that he had not—but how, or by whom, could he prove it? Where should he begin? What step should he take first?

His brain grew dizzy—his temples throbbed—his eyes burned with impatience. His impulsive nature could not brook delay; he wanted to act there and then—he could not wait for developments. At first he turned towards the magistrate's office. He would begin there. But what should he gain? Put the people on the alert, and thus preclude anything like revelation. He would go to Kenilworth Hall, and consult with the Attorney. Half determined, he turned his horse's head, when a broad blaze of light flashed on his eyes from the windows of the "Traveller's Rest." That was just the place; he would go there and gather information from the gossiping tipplers; they always kept the run of the news, and could doubtless furnish him with a clue.

He accepted the suggestion with a kind of eager joy, and yet with a flushing cheek at its weakness and deception. Even while he yielded, he was painfully conscious that his own inordinate desires, far more than his solicitude for his injured friend, was the strong impelling force. Resist temptation, flee from it, urged his better nature; but strong habit and the burning thirst within him conquered. Heedless of the lonely convict toiling and suffering to expiate a crime he had not committed—heedless of the memory of his mother's appealing face—of former resolutions—of the voice of his honor and manhood, he plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, and shot off like an arrow for the Traveller's Rest.

CHAPTER XX.

RECONCILIATION.

Sitting by her chamber window, in the April moonlight, wrapt in melancholy reflection Mary saw the wild mustang and its rider flash by like phantoms, and a moment after paus before the door of the Traveller's Rest. A shuddering sickness crept over her, and she cowered down with her face in her hands, like a very criminal. He was lost—even his mother's love had failed to keep him at home on that first night, after years of separation. Once so noble and upright, now a poor, servile inebriate, reckless, desperate, given over perhaps to the powers of darkness. And the sin was upon her head—she was the cause of it all. Instead of making herself his redeeming angel; instead of encircling him with tenderest, truest love, and striving to lure and win him into the sacred sanctuary of home, out of the reach of all temptation; instead, inasmuch as she was strong wherein he was weak, of devoting her life to his redemption—she had cast his love from her, refused to unite her fate with his, and sent him out into the world, blinded and baffled, and hopeless. And all for the sake of a little foolish pride. It was too late to revoke her decision; she had lost her influence over him; he must go on, with no one to pity or save him—go on, perhaps, to disgrace and infamy, and at last to a drunkard's grave. With a heart-broken moan of despair, she threw her arms across the window-sill and dropped her head forward upon them; forgetful in her bitter remorse of the existence of any higher power than her own human agency; forgetful of an ever-watchful and all-merciful Providence, whose divine and beneficent influence is round and about not only the righteous, but the weak and erring. The full-orbed moon soared up, surrounded by all her glittering host of stars, and began to journey westward, and still she sat there, unmindful of the chill river breeze that blew upon her, and of the cold dew that drenched her unprotected head; unmindful of all things save her own desolation.

How strange it is that one human soul can so impress another, that from the wronging crowd of daily life we single out one face, one form, and make it our idol. Yet it is so, and will be so in all probability until the full cycle of time shall have been rounded. And surely we need not ask a higher assurance of immortal life beyond the grave than our own strong human love affords us. If we refuse to accept the glorious truth from the inspired pages of revelation, or to read it in the thousands of symbols that are daily and nightly outspread before us, who can for a moment believe that all our yearning affection, our changeless, unselfish love, will end with the close of life's ephemeral day? Who can believe that, when the mysterious fingers of death chill the hearts that have loved us so fondly, and the cold grave shuts in the dear, familiar faces, there will be no hereafter, no re-awakening?

But, to turn to Mary; lost in mournful memories and keen regrets, she sat there, unmindful of the flight of time, until all the village was wrapt in silence and repose, and the soaring moon had run far beyond the noon of night. Once or twice she thought of retiring, for she was not only sad, but weary and almost sick from close confinement; but something held her back, that incomprehensible, overmastering instinct perhaps that always guides us on the eve of some great event. At last, however, she arose, and was on the point of lowering the window, when a burst of clamorous voices recalled her attention to the Traveller's Rest.

On the steps were two or three men, shouting, laughing and cursing; and before the door a horseman cantered up and down,

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 15, 1862.

THE PRESENT ELECTION.

This Fall's elections are more than usually momentous. It is the first opportunity the people have had since the election of Mr. Lincoln to approve or condemn the policy with which he has administered the Government. The war was a necessity, created before he fairly got possession of the reins of Government, and whether it could have been avoided or not, is not a question for the present time, for the nation has approved it and liberally given of its wealth to prosecute it to a successful ending. The sentiment of Union predominates over every consideration of party, and the differences therefore between those who are arrayed under different party names at this time, refer to the public judgment upon administrative acts in executing the will of the people, and not to the question of the integrity of the Union. It is a foregone conclusion that the Union is to be maintained at any cost to the people, for without Union, public liberty would have no security. The destruction of our nationality would be the destruction of our strength and power, and with our strength and power gone, we should cease to command respect from others, or peace and security among ourselves. That this sentiment of loyalty to the Union prevails among all parties, is proved by the fact that the army, which is now battling for the Union, is composed alike of Democrats and Republicans, of American born and naturalized citizens, all of whom feel that their first duty is to their Government, and to preserve this unbroken and unimpaired is the surest guarantee that their political liberties and civil rights will be perpetuated also. But while all parties are united against rebellion and in favor of the restoration of the power of the Government, and the integrity of the Union, men do and will differ in respect to the wisdom of the Administration and the policy of the measures with which it seeks to effect this common purpose. Upon these points men may conscientiously differ, without impeaching their loyalty, or incurring suspicion, with fair and candid minds, that they are in sympathy with rebellion. The bigoted partisan may say that a man is disloyal because he does not believe that the way to restore the Union is to issue a proclamation of emancipation for the negroes, but the more liberal-minded man, while maintaining firmly his own views in favor of that policy, will admit that to entertain conscientiously an opposite opinion, neither impeaches the judgment of the man nor the loyalty of the individual. So also in relation to the prosecution of the war. Men do and will have opposite opinions respecting the competency of the War Department and the military ability of the commanders in charge of our armies. These are subjects of every-day discussion with men, and the progress of the war and the fate of the Union depend, in a great measure, upon a right judgment of the people in respect to them. The personal arrests and the suspension of the habeas corpus are acts so closely connected with civil liberty and the rights and duties of the Government in rebellion, that the wonder is, not that men differ in opinion about them, but that their differences partake of the character of calm and philosophic discussion, rather than of the excitement of heated partisanship.

In no period of our history has Constitutional Government been so severely tested as at the present time. The Administration, we believe, has been governed by an honest purpose—a desire to restore the functions of the Government where they have unhappily been obstructed, and to extend the force and the protection of the laws over the entire land. In doing this it may and doubtless will make mistakes, but it is entitled to a fair investigation and an honest judgment from the people for its intentions; to leniency where error is inevitable, and firm support if the people are satisfied that the measures dictated are the surest and wisest means to secure the end we all seek. But to secure this judgment, which is the safety of our liberties, there must be free discussion of the merits of the Administration, freedom to condemn where condemnation is merited, as well as to approve where approval is deserved. There must be freedom also to act upon the convictions thus established by free discussion. It is unwise, therefore, to denounce men for their opinions when honestly entertained, and to raise a cry against their loyalty because they exercise the unquestionable right of freemen to condemn what they do not approve, and to seek by constitutional and legal means to restrain the Administration within constitutional limits, or so exercise their political privileges as to effect a change in the measures of the Government or of the men who are to be entrusted with its administration. The views and wishes of the majority ought to prevail whatever they may be, and the only way to get at the views of the majority is to let each individual act with freedom, subjected to no terrorism on account of his opinions, no obloquy or impeachment of his loyalty for acting within his constitutional rights. Any other course of action is dangerous to public order and the stability of the Government, for the abuse of power invites to revolution, and an administration that does not rest upon the approval and confidence of a majority of the people is in danger at any moment of being violently swept from power.

THE VICTORY AT CORINTH.

It is not often the same field is the scene of two of the grandest actions of a war, or that victory duplicates itself on the same spot within a single year. Yet the brief period of our extended insurrection has witnessed one such instance in which, owing to the incompetency of our commanding officer, victory crowned the rebel arms, and Corinth, just beyond the Mississippi border line, has barely escaped being an example of a second instance of the kind, Pittsburg Landing, just above it, is the scene of one of the famous battles of this war. Corinth itself was saved at that time from historical commemoration by the hasty retreat of Beauregard when Halleck advanced against him. The position is too commanding a one in a military point of view to be allowed possession of without a contest. It is on the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and which, held by our forces, protects Memphis from any assault of the rebels. It has been the endeavor of Bragg ever since he superceded Beauregard in the Southwestern command, to repossess that place, and he has sent various Generals against it, all of whom have been out-maneuvred and out-generalled by Grant. Finally Price undertook the task. The first attempt was against Rosecrans at Iuka, where Price was repulsed by the Union troops and lost a number of his pieces. Lovell and Van Dorn joined Price, and Rosecrans fell back to Corinth. There he was attacked by 40,000 of the rebels, but having been reinforced in the meantime, the rebel assault was gallantly resisted, and they were put to flight with great loss. The mistake of Iuka was not repeated here, for when the rebels were driven back, they encountered General Ord, who, with a small Union force, fell upon and again damaged them, taking some more of their guns. Rosecrans and Ord are both in full pursuit, with the prospect of still further crippling Van Dorn. The battle at Corinth appears to have been a hotly contested fight. The rebels attacked with spirit, and penetrated the town, but the Union soldiers met them at the point of the bayonet, and by a charge routed them completely. The victory was not gained without heavy loss, as usual, in officers, but the rout of this large rebel force, under such approved commanders as Price and Van Dorn, will add another severe discouragement to the rebels, and prove to them how hopeless is the prospect of removing the war from their own territories. Bragg himself, who was recently threatening to cross the Ohio, is now in full retreat before Buell, with the certainty of being obliged to fight at least one battle before he escapes back again to Alabama.

THE BLACK FLAG.

Whatever may be the result of the deliberations of the rebel Congress, they show, in their present stage, chiefly the terrible demoralization produced by treason upon national character. A Mississippian says, and no doubt truly, that he has *always* been in favor of raising the black flag. There are not a few who always have been and are now, and what their influence may be in Southern counsels it is hard to tell. On the other hand, there are many, including nearly all of their best officers, who have been educated, and seen all parts of the country, and know what are the horrors of war, under the most mild circumstances, who have been anxious to render these horrors as light as possible. Our ablest Generals have acted in the same spirit. But there is no little danger of the more desperate rebels getting the ascendency in the counsels of the South. The men who have lynched all Northern men, or forced them into the Southern army, will be ready for anything. The President's proclamation may be understood by them as inviting the negroes to insurrection, or it may be made a pretext. The men who, like Mr. Phelan, of Mississippi, have always been in favor of raising the black flag, will not be very nice in such matters, and are not, generally speaking, men of sufficient discernment intellectually to know what a proclamation does mean, and what it does not. Possibly some explanation might be usefully given officially, that the United States Government would no more favor insurrection and murder among the slaves, after the first of January next, than it has done so far; and that, practically, it would only be within our lines, and where our forces are at hand to prevent all disorder, that the proclamation can, in any contingency, be operative. For the rest, the slaveholders will have just as much power to enforce labor as they have had, and will, no doubt, execute it, whether we will or not. The only difference will be that the government of the United States will not recognize the fact that the slave owes labor to rebel masters. The government of Great Britain has long since declined to recognize this, yet it has not freed the slaves beyond those under her own *de facto* power. It is, simply, therefore, for the rest, a declaration of the way in which the United States will feel at liberty to act when the rebellion is subdued, and within our lines till then.

None but madmen would talk about raising the black flag, situated as the rebels are. The secessionists have engaged in treason against the United States government, yet no man has ever in Congress talked of raising the black flag on our side, and, so far, we have carefully forborne to use the war-making power to touch slavery. It must be remembered that the formal and official announcement of President Lincoln, as the constitutional President of these United States, was first uttered by one of the rebel chiefs now in arms as a general to overthrow this government. He was then President of the Senate. Yet he, if captured now, would be regularly exchanged as a prisoner of war with the very men who are talking of raising the black flag. So rapidly does treason demoralize into pirates the characters who lead in this sad work.

We sincerely hope, for the sake of humanity, that better counsels may prevail. We certainly should find it impossible beyond making a few examples to retaliate in kind. So far this tendency to increased exasperation and desperation may have the effect of making all good and peaceful men desire most earnestly to inquire if any safe and just expedient can be found to stop the effusion of blood. But on the other hand it will lead others to inquire whether, while such a spirit of reckless disregard to all the ties which bind men to civilization remains, it would be possible to make any peace durable or binding. No matter what terms might be offered short of subjection to law, how long would they bind? Till such a spirit is punished and subdued, no matter what peace might be declared, it could not and would not be safe for any Northern man to show his face on the banks of the Mississippi near Vicksburg or Natchez.

FALL CAMPAIGNING.

In the next few weeks what is done in the way of fighting must be for a fall campaign. The extreme heat of the weather is now over, and thus far the nights have been wonderfully forbearing for the season, and not brought on those chills and fevers which so often shake an army to pieces when followed by a hot sun in mid-day. Now, if ever ought, one would suppose to be the time for vigorous action. The days are shortening, and the nights must grow colder as well as longer, when exposure cannot be so well endured, when heavier baggage will be requisite, and when the winter rains will cut up the roads into mud so that long marches will be impossible, especially through swollen streams. The weather always kills more of an army than the bullets of the rifle, or even the shell and round shot of the enemy's cannon. But to move an army in winter costs double the men that it does when days are fine and nights not too cold. No doubt an army clad in woollens and furs can march and fight in winter, but with difficulty; the further south they are the better. Everything, therefore, demands a vigorous fall campaign between now and Christmas. Major Key's programme will meet with the approbation of no party in the North, though oddly enough it seems to be now the favorite plan on every one's tongue in the South. The returning prisoners from Richmond say that the general impression there is that the war must wear along as best it may for the rest of Mr. Lincoln's term, and then they hope somehow for peace, though heartily sick of the war.

One thing, however, is daily becoming more certain to every man who has a dollar's worth of property in the North, that such a prolongation of the war will prove utterly ruinous to the whole country, and that there is, therefore, but one course open, i. e., to fight it through quickly and decisively. The property of the North will be utterly ruined by a prolonged policy of doing nothing. In a short time now Congress will meet again. If the temper of it may be supposed to be indicated by the recent meeting of the Governors of the States, there will be a good deal of impatience if nothing decisive is done. If sufficient drafts have not been made to place men enough in the field, or if Colonels or Generals are slow in moving, it will, no doubt, be exposed in some way or other, and by some party or other, and ruin all implicated directly or indirectly. But it will then be too late to mend matters before the spring, wherever the fault may be. Congress can buy stockings for the army, or blankets, or coats, or shoes, and Congress can and will ventilate abuses, and it will give utterance to the wishes and expectations of the people, their pluck and invincible determination to put down this rebellion before they stop, especially because Congress represents men rather than property.

But Congress cannot fight battles nor plan a campaign nor keep a secret, which things are essential to military leadership. That is for the Government to do, and if it fails to do it the reason why must be given to those who have to pay the taxes and furnish the men. The rebels are clearly laying their plans now for a longer campaign of endurance than last year. They are softening down the conscription so as to make it less offensive and intolerable, and more easily evaded. Not only are ministers and physicians exempted now, but even millers and local police, and many others formerly liable when every able-bodied man under forty-five was enrolled, and under thirty-five pressed into the ranks. So hard, indeed, has been the work of death from want of the comforts of life as well as the conscription, thus far, that a single minister in New York, whose relatives are in the South, received tidings the other day of the death of no fewer than eight of his blood relatives, alive when last he heard, a year ago! A year ago every man in the South was expected to subscribe one-third of his income, to receive Confederate bonds in the place of the money or the produce thus contributed. This is relaxed now to one-fifth of the gross income, which, although it may still seem tolerably steep, is an evident slackening of the reins to make the system last the longer, and continue till we are worn out. Compared with all this, we are comparatively fresh, and certainly can and shall hold out the longest, let things be prolonged as they may. But those who have property to be paid for some day will have no mercy for this exhausting process, and will prefer and demand more decisive results before the winter sets in, or an explanation of the reason why.

HOW THE WEST VIEWS SECESSION.

The recent speech of Gov. Morton, of Indiana, in Washington, is of more importance, in some respects, than Gov. Morton himself or any one man can pretend to be, because it exhibits the course of reasoning and the conclusions arrived at by the whole of the West, and the objects for which they are prosecuting the war. It is clear that the possession of the Mississippi River is with the Northwest so vital a matter that were the United States to sign any peace that would give up its mouth and whole length from their full control, the Northwest would break off also, and a perfect disintegration would take place, resolving the whole Union into its elementary States, some of which might be reconstructed, but the whole forming three or four or five independent republics, each jealously watching and warring against the other, and the whole despised by the rest of the world because weakened and ruined by domestic strife and counter legislation.

Even the South hopes, by getting the control of the mouth of the Mississippi, to bring the Northwest into alliance if not subjection to herself, should the North ever acknowledge her independence. Thus far it must be confessed that the Northwest has fought better against Southwest, than the Northeast against the South. This is in part because the Western men see what is at stake more clearly in the possession of the Mississippi than the Northeast. If the Union were dissolved to-morrow; or rather if it were simply divided, such are the laws of trade, that the South would be certain soon to buy where it could buy cheapest, whether at home, or in the North, or in Europe, and it will do that whether politically annexed to the North or separated from it. The United States are far better customers of Great Britain now as a prosperous independent State than when united as colonies to the old country. In this view it is that separation has not seemed so formidable a matter to many manufacturers and merchants at the North.

But it is plain to Western men, and Gov. Morton only expresses their views, that separation, once begun, cannot easily be stopped. It will certainly involve the separation of California from the Atlantic States, and even the Eastern from the Western of the Atlantic States. No end can be foreseen to this disintegrating process, and each portion must be in military strength equal to any other, or lie at its mercy. Large armies eat up wealth by wholesale, and lead to perpetual wars and jealousies, so that restriction of every liberty becomes the natural and necessary state. In view of such evils for all future generations, Governor Morton goes in for the prosecution of the war with vigor now, and the employment of any such men and means as will reduce the South to order most rapidly.

It is in this view that he and the men of the West say they abjure the Negro question, and all others, as utterly insignificant compared with this of an everlasting civil war. It is not the question of black or white that is to be looked at, but simply the speediest way of pushing home the war to the decided result of putting down the rebellion and restoring the Union. If the war-making power thinks this can be best and quickest done by any particular measures against slavery, he goes in for those. If not, he would let them alone.

Whether this reasoning is correct or not, there is one point about which the whole North is becoming of one mind, and that is the exact point on which the South is determined on war, that is whether they shall be allowed to become independent. The South say "yes, we will." The North declares they shall *not*, because if the process once begins, it is like dividing the living child.

WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

Gen. Buell's train, which followed in the rear of his army on the march to Louisville, consisted of 1,800 wagons, drawn by 10,000 horses.

From information received it is not thought probable that the rebels have built any batteries on the Potomac. Our own vessels have been employed in destroying the old batteries erected there in the early part of the war, and the report probably originated from some of the crews of river vessels.

The war correspondent of the Charleston Courier, said to be the best in the rebel army, writes in his description of the battle of Antietam, that the Unionists fought well and were handed in a masterly manner. He places the rebel loss at from five to nine thousand.

Gen. Viele, Military Governor of Norfolk and Portsmouth, has waked up to the fact that a little strictness is necessary in governing rebellious cities. He has recently issued a new code in relation to passes, and to traffic, and other matters of vital importance to the citizens.

The execution of the draft was attended with great excitement in Cleveland, Ohio, particularly among the Germans and Irish, who were persuaded that the matter had been so arranged as to free the richer class. Three hundred infantry and artillerymen with a cannon were called out and the draft was proceeded with.

A press despatch to the rebel journals, dated Savannah 4th inst., contains the intelligence that the Union troops made an attack on the rebel batteries on St. John's, without success, but that a landing was subsequently made at Greenville point in force, and that a fight had occurred. No further particulars are given, and from the rebel silence we may infer that a decided success has been obtained.

A Helena, Arkansas, despatch to the St. Louis Republican, dated the 4th, gives intelligence of rebel movements in that State. Hindman had 25,000 men and a battery at Austin, twenty-five miles from Little Rock. Two small-fry generals have 5,000 men, badly armed, many of them conscripts, at Pine Bluff. Gen. Rains has 5,000 conscripts at Cross Hollows. The whole force is not far short of 40,000 men. They are, however, deficient in artillery. The State records have been removed to Arkadelphia, where the manufacture of war materials is carried on.

Passengers on the North Missouri train, who arrived at St. Louis on Saturday, state that as they passed Wentzville, in St. Charles county, a desperate battle was going on between the guerrella Cobb, with four hundred men, and a body of several hundred Union troops. Heavy firing could be heard a couple of miles from the track, and it was stated in Wentzville that Cobb was completely surrounded and would be captured.

Beauregard is reported to have made a speech to the rebel troops at Savannah, in which he promised to retake Fort Pulaski in thirty days. The Fingal and other batteries were expected to be ready in two weeks. The extensive rebel salt works at Bluffton had been destroyed by a detachment of the Forty-eighth New York Regiment, under command of Col. Barton.

Despatches from Missouri received at headquarters in St. Louis are to the effect that, on the 4th inst., Gen. Schofield advanced upon the rebels, 15,000 strong, at Newtonia, a small town about fifty-four miles south of Springfield, and, after a two hours' engagement, routed them in all directions, with but trifling loss on our side. Intercepted despatches disclosed the fact that the rebels intended to concentrate their entire forces at a point twelve miles from Newtonia, and at last accounts Gen. Schofield was pushing in that direction, with the intention of renewing the battle on Sunday.

Everywhere in Western Virginia where the rebels have the power, the Wheeling Intelligencer states, they are enforcing the Conscription act. In the Kanawha Valley they seize every able-bodied man and take them to camp without judge or jury. They have no surgeons to examine whether men are exempt. The same is true of Hampshire and adjoining counties in Gen. Kelley's department. A rebel officer taken by Gen. Kelly a day or two ago had in his possession an order, signed by one Col. Funk, Commissioner for the enforcement of the Conscript act, authorizing him to arrest all able-bodied men wherever he could seize them in Virginia, and take them to Imboden's Camp at Moorefield. Among the able-bodied men thus captured was Mr. Trout, member of the Legislature from Hampshire county, who was arrested some ten days ago, and is now in Moorefield under guard.

A number of prisoners have been captured on the Potomac, while smuggling letters and goods across, among them a mail carrier, having letters on his person from Richmond to parties in Baltimore.

Last week a detachment of the Ringgold Cavalry marched from Clarksburgh to Bone Creek, in Ritchie county, Western Virginia, a distance of eighty miles in twenty-four hours. They attacked some rebel bushwhackers at the latter place of twice their number, killed seven, took nine prisoners, and captured thirteen horses. There were twenty-six of the Ringgold boys with the expedition.

A dispatch from Cumberland, in Western Maryland, on the 7th inst., informs us that the rebel Imboden's entire wagon train, embracing supplies of all kinds, with two pieces of artillery, one hundred small arms and fifty prisoners, has been captured in the vicinity of Capapan, and that McReynolds is in pursuit of Imboden himself up the Cacapan River. What Imboden is doing there is not explained; but it looks as though a part of the whole rebel army were trying to make a detour in Western Virginia—possibly to Wheeling. Any such movement will no doubt be promptly checked.

The rebels are again beginning to show a disposition to interfere with the navigation of the Lower Potomac. A schooner which arrived at Washington the beginning of last week, brought intelligence that they had succeeded in establishing a battery at Cockpit Point, and that on Monday afternoon one of the gunboats ran into the Point and shelled the battery, entirely destroying it. We have too many gunboats on the Potomac for such experiments to succeed.

A despatch from Gen. Sigel's army, in front of Washington, gives some interesting information relative to the movements of the rebels in that direction. Gen. Joe Johnson, it appears, has again taken the field, and occupies a position between Culpepper and Manassas, with one division at Warrenton—the bridge across the Rappahannock having been rebuilt, and being in constant use. The rebel pickets are again within sixteen miles of Contreville, and skirmishes are frequent. It is true that the rebel army, under Lee, is falling back from Winchester to Richmond. This demonstration of the rebels in front of Washington means nothing more, perhaps, than a movement to protect their retreat along the railroad by way of Manassas Junction.

By the arrival of the steamer Massachusetts from Port Royal on the 4th inst., we receive intelligence of the successful issue of the expedition to St. John's river, Florida. The rebels, it will be remembered, have reported that our gunboats were repulsed in an attack upon the batteries there; but it appears that this was only the rebel way of putting the facts, which are quite the reverse. The expedition arrived in the vicinity of the batteries on the 1st inst., and a reconnoissance by the gunboats, during which an exchange of shots took place, established the fact that the rebels were there. The forces intended to operate on land were then put ashore and proceeded to gain the rear of the rebel position, when the enemy ingloriously fled, leaving everything behind—a battery of eight heavy guns, loaded and unspiked, quantities of ammunition, many small arms, and a fair supply of stores and camp equipage. Our gunboats immediately took possession of the river, and cut off the retreat of an entire Georgia regiment and a number of guerrillas known to be on the south side, thus rendering their capture almost certain.

Important information regarding the movements of the rebel forces in Virginia, reaches us through our Washington correspondence. An expedition was sent out from General Sigel's camp on Tuesday, for the purpose of capturing some rolling stock used by the rebels on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, supposed to be north of the Rappahannock Station. It was ascertained, however, that all the rolling stock of the road had been removed to the south side of the river, and that the large beams of the bridge over the river had been sawed off—indicating very clearly that the rebels were preparing to fall back from Winchester to Richmond. The supplies for the rebel army are, meantime, conveyed from Culpepper through Thornton's Gap. It is not unlikely that the bulk of the rebels are now on the march southward, while keeping out strong pickets to deceive our Generals.

The victory at Corinth has apparently been rendered a most complete one, through the vigor with which it has been followed up. The enemy in their flight from Corinth were intercepted by Generals Ord and Hurlburt on Sunday, and after seven hours' hard fighting, they were driven back five miles across the Hatchie river, toward Corinth, with the loss of two batteries, about three hundred prisoners, and many small arms. Gen. Rosecrans, who was at Corinth, was immediately notified by telegraph to be ready for the enemy, and on Monday notified General Grant that the rebels had been totally routed, throwing away everything in their flight, and that they were being sharply pursued. Gen. Rosecrans' despatch is dated at Chevalla, which is six miles west of Corinth, on the railroad to Memphis. General Hurlburt was also on the track of the enemy. The rebel army of the Southwest is in a fair way of annihilation.

Gen. McClellan has issued a congratulatory order to his army on the results of the campaign in Maryland. He sums up the trophies as fourteen guns, thirty-nine colors, fifteen thousand five hundred stand of arms, and nearly six thousand prisoners.

The rebel force under the guerrilla Morgan are said to have been attacked by a National force under Gen. Dumont, near Frankfort, on Thursday morning, and completely routed, being driven in every direction, with but little National loss.

Under date of Bowling Green, Ky., Oct. 6, Col. Harrison, of the Seventieth Regiment, telegraphed to Gov. Morton: "We had a fight with three hundred and fifty rebels at Russellville, on Sept. 30, and whipped them badly, killing and wounding thirty-five, taking ten prisoners, forty-two horses and fifty guns. We lost one man, Howard Hudnut, of Co. A."

Col. Bruce's forces had an engagement with a band of rebels five miles south of Bowling Green, on Sunday, killing quite a number, taking twenty-five or thirty prisoners, and capturing fifty or sixty horses. The rebels fled in great confusion.

Lieut. Col. Seifert, of the Home Guards in Carter county, Ky., telegraphs to Gov. Robinson under date of Oct. 4: "John Morgan came to Carter county with a force of about 10,000 men. The Olive Hill Home Guards fought them all day and killed about 20. The rebels burned thirty-five houses, and then retreated to Licking river. The rebel forces returned to Olive Hill last night. I came here for help, and five hundred men from the One Hundred and Seventeenth Ohio go over."

Our advices from Kentucky are not so full as we could desire, but enough has reached us to prove that the battle of Perryville, fought on Wednesday, was a sanguinary one, fought with great persistency, but resulting in favor of the National arms—the rebels being driven back some eight miles. Our force in the battle was about fifteen thousand infantry, assisted by eight batteries of artillery and twenty-five hundred cavalry, but this force was increased towards the close of the day. No estimates of the rebel force have reached us, though it is probable that the bulk of Bragg's army was engaged. The losses on both sides are believed to be very heavy. The mortality among our field officers appears to have been remarkably so.

On Thursday, the second day of the battle, the result was decisive. Early in the morning Gen. Buell attacked Bragg's forces at Chaplin Creek, in the immediate vicinity of Perryville. After a short but terrific fight, the rebels broke and retreated rapidly southward over three diverging roads, our forces following in close pursuit. It is known that a large National force was in the rear of the rebels before these actions commenced, and it is hoped that their entire army may be captured. At any rate, Bragg's defeat will probably be as decisive as that of Price.

Gen. McClellan's order in regard to the President's proclamation of emancipation is admirably timed and toned. It defines clearly the relations existing between the army and the civil government, and the duty the first owes to the latter. The army is the servant of the Government, and the Government is the servant of the people. It is not the right of the army to discuss the measures of Government with a view to changing their policy. It has merely to execute the laws which the civil authorities deem proper for the public advantage and security. Those laws are the expression of the will of the people, and so long as the people will their execution, the army is only one of its agents to carry out their purposes. While as these distinctions are kept in view, we shall have no clashing between the agents of the civil government and the army in the execution of the laws. We shall have no fear of the military overriding the civil power, which in the apprehension of many persons seems a danger to be incurred. This apprehension would not be unfounded, if the notions of subordination which were entertained by some of our political generals at the beginning of the war were admitted to be true. Fortunately, Gen. McClellan has a more correct appreciation of his true position as the leader of an army of the Republic, raised to put down rebellion, and equally fortunate for the country, he seems to be free from that inordinate self-appreciation which is so likely to afflict the coxcombs of the service raised to command from political considerations, and not from the exhibition of superior military talents. Gen. McClellan has none of this mischievous conceit, and does not seek to put his own wishes and his own convictions above the law or the duties which are required of him as one of its executive agents. The order shows the clear-headed and faithful public officer, who is ready at all times to perform his duty, and in such a way that no scandal is left upon the name of the Government for want of humanity towards the defenceless.

REMARKABLE RAID BY THE REBELS.

INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE REBELS AT MERCERSBURG AND CHAMBERSBURG.

They Demand the Surrender of the Towns.

THE CITIZENS COMPLY WITH THEIR DEMAND.

The most astounding news which reached us last Friday, is that the rebels have taken advantage of the quietness of our army on the Potomac, crossed over the river at Hancock, entered the Cumberland Valley, and have now possession of the towns of Chambersburgr and Mercersburg, while more than a hundred thousand of our troops are lying entirely unsuspicious of the movement, only twenty miles from the place of crossing.

Hancock is twenty miles above Williamsport, and in that portion of Maryland where the Potomac nearest approaches the Pennsylvania line. Chambersburg lies about thirty miles above Hancock. The rebels, with a daring which arises from desperation and destitution, crossed the river with cavalry said to number three thousand, and first occupied Mercersburg, where they took such stores and property as they wanted, giving rebel scrip in payment. They then sent a flag of truce to Chambersburg, demanding its surrender; and, as there was no force there to resist them, the citizens complied with the demand, and the place will, of course, be plundered.

This daring movement has been invited, no doubt, by the over confidence of the State authorities, in withdrawing the State militia so soon after the rebel retreat from Maryland. Every movement of our troops is known by these watchful enemies, and opportunities for daring raids, with his cavalry, seem to be eagerly sought by Stuart, and taken advantage of. There is something of the wild dash of the freebooter in his composition, and nothing is too daring for him to attempt. He seems to rely not only upon his own boldness, but also upon our want of vigilance and our over security, for nothing else but his confidence that he would find his opponents off their guard, could have tempted him to undertake this raid.

Late Intelligence.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 11.—It is reported that Chambersburg was surrendered on condition that private property should be respected, but public property should be removed or destroyed.

Chambersburg surrendered, as resistance would have been useless. No violence was offered to the people. We were pushing forward troops during the night, and are sending them on as fast as possible. We have nothing of a force between Chambersburg and Hancock.

The rebels seized about five hundred horses, which they intend to carry off.

No violence was inflicted upon the inhabitants at Chambersburg. The railroad depot at Chambersburg, with its valuable contents, was destroyed, and a considerable portion of the track torn up.

CARLISLE, Pa., Oct. 11.—Passenger trains on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, from Harrisburg, have been stopped here. All the rolling stock of the Railroad, except four locomotives, has been brought in. The Anderson Cavalry, that have lately been encamped near this place, and a train of regular cavalry, has gone up toward Chambersburg, under command of Capt. D. H. Hastings.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 11—10 o'clock, P.M.—Despatches are being constantly received at headquarters of the proceedings of Stuart's cavalry, since they left Chambersburg.

All reports agree that they respected private property. The only exception was the entering of a store, in Chambersburg, and carrying off about $200 worth of boots and shoes.

After leaving Chambersburg, they proceeded in the direction of Gettysburg. About five miles from Gettysburg, the farmers throughout the county assembled in considerable numbers and made a bold stand. They succeeded in capturing one of the number of the advance guard, who was taken into Gettysburg, and is now on his way, in charge of a guard, to Harrisburg.

The railroad to Hagerstown, is now in running order, the bridge on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, at Scotland, not having been destroyed, as was previously reported.

Telegraph communication is also open direct to Gen. McClellan's Head-quarters.

Large numbers of troops have been freely offered to Gov. Curtin throughout the State, but as yet none have been accepted, as a sufficient force has already been sent forward to meet the present emergency.

Gen. Wool is now in command of all the forces in Pennsylvania.

Latest from the Border.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 12, P. M.—The enemy left Gettysburg in the night, and crossed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at New Market. They destroyed the railroad track and telegraph, and then struck for the Potomac east of the Monocacy. Our cavalry is in pursuit.

Escape of the Rebels across the Potomac.

PURSUIT BY GEN. PLEASONTON.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 12—10 o'clock, P. M.—A despatch received this evening, states that the rebels, from 2000 to 3000 strong, passed through Woodsboro, Liberty, New Market and Urbana, and then made for the Potomac river. They advanced from the direction of Gettysburg, destroying a small portion of the railroad track at New Market.

Gen. Pleasonton, with about 2500 cavalry, passed through Frederick, Md, this morning, in pursuit.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 12, 11 P. M.—Official despatches just received state that the rebels have succeeded in escaping. They crossed the Potomac near the mouth of the Monocacy, having made a march of 90 miles in 29 hours. Gen. Pleasanton's forces arrived at the crossing just as they had finished, and engaged their artillery, but nothing is known of the result. His force marched 78 miles during the last 24 hours.

The Latest.

ESCAPE OF THE REBELS—ARTILLERY FIGHT AT NOLAN'S FERRY.

FREDERICK, MD., Oct. 12, 11 P. M.—All the information here indicates that the rebels accomplished their raid with impunity, passing above the right of our army along its rear, and recrossing into Virginia in the vicinity of Conrad's Ferry. They numbered 2,500 cavalry, and four pieces of light artillery, but no baggage train except a few ambulances. From Chambersburg they passed through Emmetsburg, Woodsboro' and New Market, and crossed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Monrovia early this morning. At the latter place they cut the telegraph line and tore up a few rails. From Monrovia they moved towards Nolan's Ferry, at the mouth of the Monocacy. At the Ford the Third and Fourth Maine regiments, with a battery of artillery, were stationed.

The rebels were severely shelled and replied with vigor, but not much damage was done on either side. Having no cavalry there our forces could not pursue the rebels, who finally moved down the river in the direction of Edwards' and Conrad's ferries, where it is believed they crossed over this afternoon. Gen. Pleasanton with his cavalry was in pursuit, but was two hours behind. It is the opinion of some that a portion of the rebel force has not yet recrossed.

Ball's cavalry and Rush's lancers, who were sent out yesterday, in the direction of Gettysburg, have brought in seven stragglers from the rebels. One of them with whom I talked, says their column was 5000 strong. They crossed the Potomac at Dam No. 5 early on Friday morning. Gen. Stuart was in command, and their principal object was to get horses, in which they had succeeded, taking back to the number of 800 to 1000. They were seized indiscriminately from the stables of farmers in Pennsylvania. The men supplied themselves with shoes and clothing from the stores in Chambersburg. Beyond the destruction of the depot there, I do not learn that they did any damage. They moved through the country together, and seemed perfectly acquainted with the disposition of our troops.

There are reports that the movement of our troops from below had cut them off from Conrad's Ferry; but as there has been no firing since noon, I have no doubt that they are over the river, beyond pursuit.

The statement that they went in the direction of Gettysburg is altogether false. From Chambersburg they made for the river by the most direct route, passing about seven miles north of Frederick,

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Not Damaged by the Rebels,

BALTIMORE, Oct. 12.—The train left this afternoon for Frederick, and intelligence of its safe arrival there has been received by telegraph. The reported damage to the track and telegraph wires by the rebels is therefore incorrect.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE

OFFICIAL FEOM GEN. BUELL.

PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE.

PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY.

PARTICULARS OF THE FIGHT.

Our Forces Hard Pressed and Losses Heavy.

PERRYSVILLE, KY., via BARDSTOOWN, October 15, 1862.

To Major Gen. Halleck, General in Chief:

I have already advised you of the army movements under my command from Perryville. More or less skirmishing has occurred daily with the enemy's cavalry. Since then it was supposed the enemy would give battle at Bardstown. My troops reached that point on the 4th inst., driving out the enemy's rear-guard of cavalry and artillery.

The main body retired towards Springfield, whither the pursuit was continued. The centre corps, under Gen. Gilbert, moved on the direct road from Springfield to Perryville, and arrived on the 7th inst. within two miles of the town, where the enemy was found to be in force. The left column, under General McCook, came upon the Nashville road and left of that corps in line of battle on the 8th instant. It was ordered into position to attack, and a strong reconnoissance directed.

At 4 o'clock I received a request from Gen. McCook for reinforcements, and learned that the left had been severely engaged for several hours, and that the right and left of that corps were being turned and severely pressed. Reinforcements were immediately sent forward from the centre.

Orders were also sent to the right column, under Gen. Crittenden, which was advancing by the Lebanon road, to push forward and attack the enemy's left, but it was impossible for it to get in position in time to procure any decisive result. The action continued until dark. Some fighting also occurred on the centre. The enemy were everywhere repulsed, but not without some momentary advantage on the left.

The several corps were put in position during the night, and moved to the attack at six o'clock this morning. Some skirmishing occurred with the enemy's rear guard. The enemy had fallen back in the direction of Harrodsburg. I have no accurate report of our loss yet. It is probably pretty heavy, including valuable officers. Generals Jackson and Terrill I regret to say, are among the killed.

D. C. BUELL,
Major General Commanding.

CAPTURE OF U. S. ARMY WAGONS.

LANCASTER, Oct. 12.—A special despatch to the Lancaster Express, from Louisville, states that a train of the second division head-quarter's teams of Gen. Buell's army, was captured by the rebels on the 10th inst., near Laurenceburg, Ky. Also, a train of Adler's wagons, Major Bradford, Quartermaster Cappell, of Mount Joy, with seven five privates of the Seventy-seventh Penna. Regiment, Col. Stambaugh, are among the prisoners.

CAPTURE OF REBEL ARTILLERY AND PRISONERS—DETAILS OF THE BATTLE AT PERRYVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 12.—Squads of General Dumont's men, under Col. Miller, captured two pieces of artillery and 150 rebels, yesterday at Versailles.

A portion of Gen. Dumont's command drove the enemy, on Saturday night, from Lawrenceburg towards Nicholasville, wounding several and capturing prisoners. The United States loss was nothing.

The Maysville Eagle says that a despatch was received by John C. Breckenridge's wife to meet him on Monday last at Danville.

Further particulars of Wednesday's fight at Perryville, state that the Union forces were 16,000, and the rebel force sixty-two regiments, the aggregate being unknown. The Union loss was from 500 to 600 killed and 2300 wounded, and 440 prisoners. The latter were paroled by the rebel General Buckner.

The rebel loss was 1300 killed, including 1 General, name unknown, and 14 Colonels and Lieut.-Colonels. This number of killed is admitted by the rebel Medical Director of Gen. Cheatham's division.

A despatch from a member of the First Wisconsin says that regiment lost 58 killed, and 134 wounded. Among the wounded are Major Mitchell and Captain Green.

Despatches received at headquarters state that Col. Lytle's wound is very slight. He has been paroled and will leave to-morrow.

This evening it is reported that Wolford's cavalry captured over 100 rebel wagons, 1000 prisoners, and one battery, on Friday, between Perryville and Harrodsburg.

Gen. Dumont is at Frankfort.

Marshall, it is said, left Lexington on Sunday last with his force of 2000 infantry and 450 cavalry. It is believed that Marshall and the rebels driven from Versailles are at Nicholasville.

LATE FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Trouble Among the Negroes.

New Orleans papers of the 1st instant have been received, by the arrival of the steamer Parkersburg, at New York.

The city continues in remarkably good health.

Brig. Gen. Dumont, by order of General Butler, has assumed the command of all the military forces at New Orleans and Algiers.

The Picayune, of the 28th ult., says:

"Rumors of an unpleasant character reach us from the negroes on the plantations below the city."

The Picayune of the 1st inst., says: "The rumored rising of three hundred negroes on the plantations below the city, was not attended by all the anticipated circumstances of atrocity. A few white men were attacked and beaten, but we did not learn that any of them were killed. Most of the runaways got up to the city."

The steamboat Iberia had been fired into while passing a plantation, three miles below Bayou Zoula, from a battery of four rifled cannon. Some fifty shots were fired, killing one man and

ARMY AND NAVY.

First Lieut. Eugene A. Smalley, of the Marine Corps, was tried last month, at Norfolk, on the charge of absence, without leave, from his station at the Gosport Navy Yard. The Court found him guilty, and sentenced him to be reprimanded in General Orders by the Honorable Secretary of the Navy. The decision on this sentence has required serious consideration on the part of the revising power. The Secretary, in his general order, says:—"If it were not confirmed, the officer convicted would altogether escape punishment for an offence which the majority of military men would certainly regard as of a grave character, particularly when committed in time of war, at a station but recently in the possession of the enemy, and still in the vicinity of hostile operations.

The Court have adverted to no palliating circumstances in explanation of the laxity of their sentence, and on reviewing the record I can perceive none, except the plea of limited experience of the duties of an officer, urged by the accused in this defence. This sentence, unaccompanied by any comment, is not calculated properly to enhance the limited experience of a young officer or give him correct notions of the importance of discipline. It would tend rather to mislead him. I am constrained therefore in confirming it, to accompany this reprimand of Lieut. Smalley with an admonition to him and other young officers in the corps not to regard the sentence in this case as indicating the true character of the offence committed."

Lieut. Commander Scott has been detached from the steamer Florida, and ordered to return North.

A Lieut. Commander has been ordered to join the Mississipi Flotilla. Commander Guest has been detached from duty as Inspector of the New York Navy Yard and will be relieved by Commander Baldwin. Lieut. Sterre has been ordered to the steamer Florida.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 15, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subsbription to the Dollar Newspaper.

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to the getter up of the Club	15 00
Club of Thirty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	25 00
Club of Fifty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	40 00
Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to the getter up of the Club	75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"MY UNCLE FRED'S ADVENTURES" has been received and will be disposed of as its merits shall seem to warrant.

"A RAINY DAY," and "A WOODLAND WALK IN AUTUMN," by A. H. F., we have filed for early publication.

THE STAMP LAW.

On the first of October, of the present year, the stamp law went into effect, and like every other law, there are a thousand ways in which it may be evaded in cases to which it is fairly and honestly applicable. Keen and close shavers in business will no doubt try every means honest, and even dishonest, to get along with as few stamps as possible. It is quite evident that if all pursue this policy because they expect others will, hardly any revenue will be raised by this means, which is most direct and simple; and other taxes will have to be laid on instead. The spirit of a law is the law, and if every man, instead of contriving all sorts of ingenious devices to cheat the Government, would try to discover to what cases it is fairly applicable, and pay it cheerfully, and even leaning to the side of liberality and high prices in proportion, a good public example would be set, and the patriotic feeling thus gendered, would, in itself, do much to lighten the public feeling in regard to the national burdens at the present time. The taxes must be raised to a certain point, in order to meet the interest of the public debt and bear the current expenses of the Government. If a tax is evaded so that it brings in a merely nominal revenue, it causes two evils. Other taxes have to be laid to make up the deficiency, and this produces a great appearance of oppression and taxation, and secures a large revenue of discontent and cheating and evasion, if not perjury and demoralization. Everything is taxed, and yet produces no revenue worth collecting.

But in addition to all this, so long as the taxes raise a handsome revenue without great complaints and compulsion, so long can the Government borrow on the best terms. If on the contrary, the interest should be irregularly paid or paid out of borrowed money, and not out of income from taxes collected, the Government would only be able to borrow ninety or perhaps eighty dollars on its bond for one hundred, or in other words, it would have to pay ten or twenty per cent. interest instead of five or six on all it borrowed. As we are now compelled to borrow largely, it is of the highest importance that the taxes should yield *larger* incomes than were estimated and not smaller. If this is done, we shall not have to borrow so much or so frequently, and a little cheerful public spirit infused into the intercourse of citizens, by which all little evasions of the stamps shall be set aside as mean and dishonest, and the whole matter be considered as the easiest and appointed way of meeting the most critical and important duties of citizenship and true loyalty to the Union, the credit of the country can thus best be kept up and with the least pressure and discontent.

When men are handling large sums of money, a little more or a little less in the shape of the Government stamp for its share, in protecting the rights of property from spoliation, is scarcely felt—less felt than at any other time, because it comes out of profits just when and where they are received. Its justice too, is more obvious when money is thus changing hands. For what then protects the whole from the hands of the armed robber and public plunderer? In the South, where forced contributions and loans have the "Confederate" bonds have been collected by rowing bands of armed men, how cheerfully even stamp duties have been paid by the mercantile classes instead of such wholesale and ruinous levies.

All regular taxation is nothing to what it costs to be subjected to the irregular demand made upon property, where a strong Government is lacking. One rebel raid would ruin a hundred times more men in Pennsylvania than ten times all the taxes yet collected for the war within this State. It is by the cheerful and hearty support of Government, as Government at this juncture above all party considerations, and against only one of the foulest rebellions which ever disgraced a free Government, that the finances of the country can be best maintained. Every three or twenty-five cent stamp saved unjustly from the Government by meanness, or by want of cheerful loyalty and generosity, will cost ten or twenty times that sum in the form of taxes. Who has not felt a glow of honest pleasure in liberally contributing for the comfort of the wounded soldiers? Let there be the same liberal feeling in supporting the Government expenses, in any and every way possible, even although there may be honest differences of opinion as to how the money had better be raised, if that were an open question.

This stamp tax is an appeal especially to capitalists and mercantile men, who, as a class are careful and closely considerate of expenses, but liberal in the support of every investment that protects and regulates property. In the wholesale matters of taking the public loans at generous prices, our capitalists have astonished the world. Now, in the retail matter of supporting our credit by contributing a few stamps more or less, let us beware lest a spirit of closeness undo the noble example thus set.

OUR IRON-CLAD NAVY

Does not advance as rapidly towards completion as the public expectation and desire demand. In July last we were promised the completion of some fourteen or fifteen by the 1st of October, but so far only four or five of the new Monitors have been launched, and none as yet completed for service, though, on the western waters there are nine or ten iron-clad gunboats which are doing good service. When all the vessels of this description now building are completed, there will be fifty-one iron-clad steamers added to our navy, ranging from 5000 tons to 500, nearly half the number being over 1000 tons. They are armed respectively with from 18 guns down to 2, the Ironsides having the highest number of guns of any iron-plated ship in our service. Those carrying two guns only have them of the greatest calibre—guns such as no other naval war vessels carry. Twenty-seven of these vessels are for ocean service, and though the navy of France is building a much larger number, yet it is doubtful if they will be of a more effective character than our own. As some half a dozen of these formidable batteries must be nearly completed, we may expect soon to hear of their active operations against the few fortifications on the coast still in possession of the rebels. The forts seized by the rebels in the early days of rebellion, still floating the rebel flag, are those at Mobile, Charleston and Wilmington, N. C. Before the winter sets in, they should all have the stars and stripes flying over them, recaptured by our iron-clad navy.

THE ROUND POTATO CROP is likely to prove unusually short in the neighboring counties in this State and New Jersey. Good round potatoes are now selling in this market at 80 cents a bushel. Some of this apparent advance in price is no doubt attributable to the depreciation of the currency, which takes more of it to buy a given amount of any commodity; but independent of this the crop has been materially shortened by drought. In Missouri the same fact of a short potato crop is noticed. We see it stated that hundreds of acres will not yield 20 bushels to the acre, and many that will not yield ten bushels.

REBEL RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

The accounts by telegraph are not clear or coherent, but the fact probably is that they are not moving towards Carlisle, but *are* moving off again towards the Potomac, taking apparently the route back of our army, through Frederick and towards some of the fords below Harper's Ferry. This would appear like a very dangerous experiment, and ws can scarcely believe that they will try it, however successful they may have been in passing entirely around our army on the Chickahominy. It is possible, however, that they may only intend a sudden descent upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and again destroy the bridges on that road, and so obstruct McClellan's communications, and then retire the way they came. Whatever their intentions may be, their boldness is the height of audacity. It seems incredible that a small body of troops, such as this must be, could remain nearly three days in the rear of our army, and only thirty or forty miles distant from it, and be entirely undisturbed, surrounded on all sides too by enemies with access to it in nearly every direction by railroad. Governor Curtin, it is reported, under the belief of a further advance into Pennsylvania, is pushing troops from Camp Curtin towards Carlisle, which one report, scarcely credited, says is threatened. It is possible that the force which crossed the Potomac may have divided itself into two or three small squads, and have scattered themselves in various directions, to destroy as much of our railrond communications as possible, have a wider field to range in for plunder, and to divert pursuit from their real line of retreat. We trust, however, that there may be equal enterprise exhibited on our side, and by the punishment inflicted upon Stuart now, cure him forever of the desire to amuse his troops and exalt his own fame, by such venturesome expeditions, which have hitherto been mere parties of pleasure to his men for all the injury they have received.

"OUR OWN" OF THE TIMES.—The newspapers are all noticing the stupidities of Dr. Mackay or McKay, a small poetaster, we believe, who tries to fill Mr. Russel's place as correspondent of the London Times. This Mackay came to this country a few years ago to make money by lecturing, failed, and has ever since disparaged the Government and the people. As a specimen of his narrow-mindedness, he gave, a few years ago, a lecture at twenty-five cents a head, in Philadelphia, had about fifty persons as audience, and in his very next letters home he vented his spleen in saying the ugliest things he could of the city. With all Russel's malignity and power of romancing, he has none of his ability as a smart, graphic writer, who could impart interest to his narrative of events, but was not fitted to philosophise upon political causes, or to trace their probable consequences. Russel was a brilliant, dashing writer, who invented his facts. Mackay is a dull, prosaic scribbler, who picks up all the stupid rumors of the day, apparently without sense sufficient to discriminate between what is true and what is false.

A PREMIUM UPON MASSACRE.—Mr. Lyons, in the rebel Congress, proposes to give a premium of $20 to every negro who kills, wherever found, a white Union soldier or sailor in arms against rebeldom. We have heard a great deal in the Southern papers about the atrocity of inviting insurrection against the slave masters, by offering to free them from bondage; but it appears that the slave masters, in inviting resistance of their slaves against the lawful agents of the Government, and giving them a premium besides for massacring them, go a considerable step further in atrocity. If this infamous suggestion had been made in any loyal newspaper or loyal legislative body, we should have heard the act denounced for its barbarity, and held up to the world as an evidence of the brutality and want of civilization of the people in the loyal States.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Ravels at the *Academy of Music*, under the capital management of Mr. Wheatley, have drawn very fair houses the past week, but have not attracted the crowds which have sometimes attended their former visits to this city. The present is announced as positively their last week in Philadelphia. The chief attraction of the company is "Young America," a boy who performs some extremely dangerous feats, consisting mainly of leaping or catching from one long rope-swing to another while in rapid motion, high up from the floor, by which he is carried in the incredibly short space of three or four seconds, from the extreme front of the auditorium to the far interior of the stage. Fearful as this feat is to contemplate, the graceful ease with which it is performed takes from it all the terrors to the beholder that usually attend similar gymnastic performances. This being the last week of this well known family of artists in this city, and probably their last performance ever in this city, their friends and admirers will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity of a last look.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, Mr. Eddy last week concluded a two weeks' engagement, in which time he secured the good opinion of those whose favorable regard in theatrical criticism is most desired. He is a chaste reader for so versatile a performer, and in all his varied characters is as true to nature as he is free from the fault of mannerism. If, like other stars, he should confine his efforts to a particular line of acting, he could not fail soon to command a most enviable position. Gradually going out, one by one, as the old stars are, the subject is worthy of his consideration. He is succeeded this week by Miss Charlotte Thompson, the young lady who made so favorable an impression at this theatre last season, running her engagement through a period of thirty nights. She opened on Monday evening as *Alice*, in the drama of "Alice, The Disowned," translated from the German, by George Marlow, of this city.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, Miss Bateman continues her engagement through this week, and, as heretofore, is assisted by those popular actors, James W. Wallack and Edwin Adams. The houses were last week crowded, and as the trio open the present week with the attractive play of "Geraldine," with new scenery, dresses, etc., the furore of the last two weeks will probably be kept up. The crowds nightly in attendance at this theatre render it necessary, to secure desirable seats, to procure them through the day.

Abel & Co.'s *Stereopticon*, on exhibition at the Assembly Building, has been enriched by several additional pictures of surpassing beauty, a fact which fully accounts for the steadily increasing favor of this exhibition with persons of taste and refinement. These figures are not only instructive as true to nature, but most refining in their influence as artistic exhibitions.

The *Eleventh Street Opera House* continues rich in burlesque and humor, as well as in comic and sentimental music. The audiences continue large.

LITERARY RECORD.

The Wife's Stratagem. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a well written, interesting little story, intended, as the publisher says, for the "fireside and wayside," and, as an evidence that it is a good story, that inestimable and good lady, Mrs. John A. Dix, has permitted the author to dedicate it to her. The Wife's Stratagem consists in assembling a few select friends once a week at her house to recite stories, by way of reclaiming her husband from intemperance. A man could not be very far gone who could be reclaimed by such mild means as this; and if, in addition, we take into account the mildness of the stories themselves, our wonder that such a remedy could be effectual will not be diminished. Still the stories are interesting.

The Twin Lieutenants; or, the Soldier's Bride. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Those who are familiar with the intensely interesting character of this great author's style need no special commendation to induce a reading of any of his productions. The title and subject of this particular story are well chosen, and all who can sympathize in a soldier's love and a soldier's trials and privations will be sure to give it an early reading.

The Slave Power: Its Characters, Career, and Probable Designs—Being an Attempt to Explain the Real Issues involved in the American Contest. By J. E. Cairnes, M. A., London. Carleton, Publisher, New York. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia.

It is not intended that this volume contains any new arguments; it is put forth as a summary of what has been urged in isolated articles from every northern press, with all the warmth and energy of combatants in the field. The writer thinks that he has escaped the dust and smoke generated in the conflict, and that he has presented the facts and reasoning clear, calm and convincing as the columns of the multiplication table. The morals and principles of the historic drama now enacting are delineated with the pen of a philosophic observer, and all parties will, no doubt, feel a desire to give it perusal.

Les Miserables: Jean Valjean. By Victor Hugo. Carleton: New York. Petersons: Philadelphia.

This is the fifth and concluding volume of this admirable series, and is a fine conclusion to this marvel of the age. It is a greater book than any of the four preceding, greater than Fantine, or Cosette, or Marius, or St. Denis. The wonderful description of the battle of the barricades is graphic and vivid. The details of this battle, the sublime heroism of Enjolras and his lieutenants, the reckless bravery of Gavroche, and the Christ-like revenge of Jean Valjean, are inimitable. The twilight wane of Jean Valjean's life, in which his heart-strings are snapped asunder, one by one, through the fatalities of nature and of man are an incompatably touching picture, which will revive the faculty of tears in eyes where it has lain dormant since childhood. But let no one be deterred from reading the book for watery reasons; the stormy afternoon has a clear sunset.

THE CONSCRIPTION LAW.

The ground taken by the Governor of Georgia against the Conscription law of the Rebel Congress, is sustained by the Courts of that State. A man who had just been pressed into the rebel army as a conscript, has, under a *habeas corpus*, been released by Judge Thomas, of the Superior Court, and the law been by him pronounced unconstitutional. Georgia evidently intends to abide by the doctrine of State Rights, which sent her out of the Union. The sovereignty of the State meant something in the minds of her people, and this sovereignty will be difficult to depose by the despotism of the rebel General Government. The centralizing tendency of Jeff. Davis' government is viewed with considerable dissatisfaction and apprehension. The assumptions of authority by it are considered by some of the States as dangerous to their liberties, and which must be resisted at once in order to preserve to the individual States the least semblance of sovereignty. The advocates of State Rights see that the individual independence of the States is gone, if the central authority can set aside the Legislative authority of the States, and Davis knows that the "Confederate Government" cannot endure if the State authority is co-equal to the central authority. Secession is the consequence of the State Right doctrine carried to its extreme. A war to establish the right of secession necessarily tends to split the Confederacy into many fragments before it is through. Even the sense of security against a common danger does not seem to be sufficient to produce harmony in the parts. Without the conscript law, the rebel Congress is powerless to enforce its decrees.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

The ravages of the yellow fever at Wilmington, N. C., are described as positively awful.

Matt. Ward, the Louisville schoolmaster murderer, was shot by guerrillas on his own plantation, a few days since.

☞ Hon. Townsend Harris, U. S. Minister to Japan, is among the passengers by the Persia.

☞ The Louisville Journal predicts that in four weeks, Gen. Buell's name will be one of the most honored in the world.

☞ Boots are worth $30 a pair in Savannah, Ga., flour is $42 per barrel and the supply limited.

☞ Mr. Vinton of Southbridge, Mass, committed suicide last Friday from fear that his sons would go to the war.

☞ The advertising columns of the Richmond papers teem with "special notices," offering large premiums for "substitutes."

☞ Col. E. J. C. Kewen, member of the California Legislature, from Los Angelos county, has been arrested in that State charged with treason.

☞ They say that too many Minors are enlisted in our army, but Vanity Fair thinks that the Minors do a great deal better than the Majors.

☞ The funeral of the wife of General Scott, whose remains were brought from Europe for intement here, took place in New York on Wednesday.

☞ If the threatened increased scarcity of change should continue, it is feared that even the moon will find it difficult to gain its quarters.

☞ The Louisville Journal critically observes that "when newspaper correspondents want to tell a big lie, they generally begin by saying 'it is stated in official circles.'"

☞ Somebody in New York has invented a gun which will throw a shot weighing one thousand pounds, provided there is powder enough in the country to discharge it.

☞ Sidney Smith says that mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

☞ At the negro theatre in Cincinnati the printed programme has the following liberal announcement: "Take notice—A portion of the upper tier has been reserved for respectable white folks, at half price."

☞ The drafted men in the war of 1812 were required to furnish their own guns and equipments and five days' provisions. The prices for substitutes then ranged between forty and one hundred dollars.

☞ Lia Felix, sister of the immortal Rachel, is causing immense sensation in Paris in a new play at the Gaiete. She is described as proficient, but not yet able to wear the mantle of her sister.

☞ They arrest anybody in Warsaw, just now, who ventures to wear green spectacles! The Government will permit none of its subjects, in Poland, to "see anything green" in its performances.

☞ The last accounts from Garibaldi speak of exfoliation of bone from his wound and probabilities of a stiff joint. Poor Garry! he meant well, but the arch radical, Mazzini, made a tool of him.

☞ The population of Savannah, usually about 25,000, is at present something less than 17,000, and business is almost at a stand still. Two out of five of the stores, and other places of business are closed, and the blockade is thought to be perfect.

☞ The Cincinnati papers say that General Davis, who shot General Nelson, has been handed over to the civil authorities, and that the government will not interfere in the case at all. Should he be discharged by the Court, he will be retained in his command.

☞ The Baltimore City election progressed quietly on Wednesday. The roughs had the fear of infantry bayonets and cavalry sabres before their eyes, and governed themselves accordingly. The Unconditional Union ticket is elected by over 7000 majority.

☞ There was a resistance to the draft on Monday last in Indiana. A crowd collected and destroyed the ballot-box and enrolling lists. The Commissioners and Provost Marshals resigned. A batallion of the 63d Indiana has been ordered to go and enforce the draft and arrest the ringleaders.

☞ The oil region is on fire again. A despatch from Oil City, dated at 9 o'clock last Wednesday night, says that a fire is raging on Oil Creek, several wells and refineries are in flames, a number of flowing wells are burning; 30,000 barrels of oil have been destroyed, and the loss will not be far short of $150,000.

☞ The man whose whole claim to the character of Christian lies in the orthodoxy of his faith, and who expects to go to heaven on that account, will have to plead his cause in some such words as these: "It is true, O Lord, that I violated all thy commandments, but then I hold no absurd or heretical opinions in regard to them."

☞ Madame Crinoline is amazed at the idea of *reading* a picture. Why, bless your bonnet and petticoats, books were printed in pictures and thus read; the progress of the art is historically presented in pictures and read in pictures by everybody who can distinguish black from white. So smooth your frills and come down stairs.

☞ There were 252 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 146 were adults and 106 children. There were 36 from consumption of the lungs; 8 from convulsions; 6 from diptheria; 6 from diarrhœa; 13 from debility; 12 from typhoid fever; 7 from inflammation of the lungs; 12 from marasmus, and 33 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers in our city, 58.

☞ Gen. McClellan's last order has the ring of a true soldier—strict obedience to superiors, entire respect for the laws, and an unqualified submission of the military to the civil authorities. Here is the essence of the Constitution and our Republican form of Government in a nut shell. He does not assume to argue with the Government, as Hunter did; nor desert his post, as Fremont did; nor refuse to fight the enemy, as Cassius M. Clay did, because he could not dictate a policy to the President—but, like a loyal soldier and a faithful citizen he discharges his duty in all respects according to the best of his ability.

☞ The Democratic Massachusetts State Convention met on Wednesday at Worcester, Mass. Resolutions were adopted pledging support in all legitimate means to put down the rebellion, repudiating the Governors' convention, and expressing regret "that the President, forgetful of his obligations, has issued his emancipation proclamation, and protesting against it, as well as against the suspension of the habeas corpus. Attempts were made to adopt the nominations of the Faneuil Hall Convention, but nothing was done, and the Convention adjourned in confusion."

☞ A touching scene is related as transpiring in one of our hospitals recently. Some benevolent ladies had distributed ice cream to the invalid soldiers and all gladly partook of the refreshment save one young, pale, handsome boy. His eyes were closed, and one of the ladies observing him softly whispered, "the poor fellow is asleep, we must not dirturb him." "No, ma'am, I am not asleep," he answered, in a silvery voice, full of the sweetness of innocence and boyhood. "Well, my little fellow," continued the lady, as she drew nearer, "are you fond of ice cream?" "Very much so," he replied. "Didn't you see me place this on your little table?" reaching for the plate of cream. "Oh, yes," he answered, tremulously, "but I shut my eyes and cried to myself." "Cried, my child? why, what made you cry, my dear?" "Oh, madam! if you will pull the quilt down a little you will see." The lady did so, and found that he had no arms. Both of them he had lost in battle.

TAX ON POLICIES.—The Fire Insurance Companies of this city (as well as other commercial places), charge each insurer the amount of tax assessed by the new revenue bill, viz: twenty-five cents on each new policy, as well as on every renewal of an old one. If this were generally known, it would afford parties interested an opportunity of preparing themselves with the proper change, and thus save much trouble and annoyance.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

The Pennsylvania Raid.

MORE REBELS IN THE STATE—ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THEM.

The following has been received in this city from Col. McClure:

"CHAMBERSBURG, Oct. 13—10 o'clock A. M.—Mr. Cramp, of Stevens' Furnace, has just sent a messenger with information that the rebel cavalry are at Cashtown, at the foot of South Mountain, in considerable force. They have been driven back from the Potomac and are trying to escape. Every effort is being made to cut them off here and at Mercersburg. They have Logan, a man from Franklin county, with them, a superior guide, and they may escape. Our citizens all have arms, and will join the troops in cutting them off."

Another despatch, just received, says that the enemy are at Cashtown, Adams county. They may attempt to pass by the Mountain road, South, perhaps by Shippensburg, and i may be by Greencastle.

THE ESCAPE OF STUART'S CAVALRY.

FREDERICK, MD., Oct. 13.—The escape of the rebel cavalry across the Potomac is fully confirmed. After being driven from Nolan's Ferry, they divided and crossed the river in small bodies at different points.

Two farmers, taken prisoners at Mercersburg, Pa., and paroled at the river, arrived here to-day. They report that Generals Stuart and Hampton were both with the expedition. The cavalry consisted of detachments from Virginia and South Carolina regiments. They seized no horses in Maryland, but swept all the parts of Pennsylvania through which they passed of every horse worth taking. Mr. Clark, the newspaper express man, was captured, but escaped after they had crossed the river.

CARLISLE, Oct. 13.—The excitement created here by the late rebel raid into this State is subsiding. The trains on the Cumberland Valley Railroad have resumed their regular trips.

A large cavalry force left Hagerstown yesterday, in pursuit of the rebels.

There was a fight last night at Knoxville, Md., which is on the Potomac, five or six miles east of Harper's Ferry. It is reported that a number of the rebels were captured in endeavoring to cross the river at that point.

AN ENGAGEMENT WITH STUART.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Information received up-to one o'clock this afternoon shows that the fighting yesterday, on the Upper Potomac, between Pleasonton's and Stuart's forces, was without any material results.

The War in Kentucky.

REPORTED DEATH OF BRAGG AND CHEATHAM.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—It is understood that a despatch from Gen. Boyle, dated at Louisville, 10 P. M. last evening, reached here this morning, saying that it was generally believed that the rebel Generals Bragg and Cheatham were both killed in the eneagement of Wednesday last, near Bardstown.

Our loss in killed, wounded and missing was between 1500 and 2000, while that of the enemy was larger. We held the field on that night, and skirmished with them in their retreat the next morning.

When this despatch left Louisville, a courier from our forces was expected to arrive in the course of the night, bringing details of the pursuit and the battle which was probably fought yesterday. Gen. Boyle expressed his belief in the truth of the account of the killing of Bragg and Cheatham in the action of Wednesday, then prevalent in Louisville.

From Memphis.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION.

CAIRO, Oct. 13.—The expedition sent from Memphis on Sunday week to Waif river, a few miles beyond Germantown, returned on Thesday, having surprised a rebel camp and killed four men, including a captain; wounded fourteen, and captured fifty, together with a number of horses and arms.

A Rebel Defeat Acknowledged.

CAIRO, Oct. 13.—The Grenada Appeal of the 10th inst., makes the result of the Corinth battle even more disastrous to the rebels than our own reports. It is stated that the attack was opposed by all but one of the rebel Generals, meaning probably Van Dorn, against whom there is great indignation manifested.

The President's Proclamation.

CAIRO, Oct. 13.—Hon. T. A. Nelson, of Tennessee, who has hitherto remained neutral, has published an address, condemning in strong terms President Lincoln's Proclamation to emancipate the slaves.

Death of Captain Grier Talmadge.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 13.—Capt. Grier Talmadge, U. S. A., Quartermaster at Fortress Monroe, died on Saturday morning. His body arrived here this morning, and is to be taken to Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A heavy storm prevailed at Fortress Monroe, yesterday.

From California—$800,000 in Treasure.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The steamer North Star arrived, this morning, with Panama dates to the 4th inst. She brings $800,000 in treasure from California.

Bishop Vasquez had returned, determined to test the force of the recent decree of Mosquera, expelling the priesthood.

The U. S. flag ship Lancaster arrived at Panama on the 2d, from Acapulco. Capt. Lanman, of the Saranac, was to take command of the Lancaster, and Captain C. H. Poor of the Saranac.

It is reported that the conservatives have obtained possession of the ports of Buenaventura and Barbacoas.

There is no later news from South America.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, October 14, 1862.

The political campaign in this city and state, is carried on with an acerbity on both and all sides, thus far surpassing all previous experience, and unless there be some improvement in the tone and temper of the leaders and orators, there is but too much reason to fear serious trouble from personal collisions, before election day. Thus, last Friday, Gen. Cassius M. Clay, in the presence of some thousands of people, as good as called Mr. Richard O'Gorman a "liar," for some words uttered by him the evening previous, before a Democratic assemblage. Mr. Clay significantly adding that Mr. O'Gorman was in the city and that he (Clay) "expected to be here also, for some time." This has been very generally interpreted since as a challenge to fight a duel, and a rumor, indeed, was current this afternoon that notes had actually passed between the two gentlemen. I cannot ascertain, however, that this is correct. Some of Mr. O'Gorman's friends have taken up his quarrel for him, and it will be a miracle if we escape having a fight of some kind.

The Supreme Court (General Term) on Saturday, in the case of the People and Commissioners of Assessments against the Hanover Bank, rendered a decision, substantially affirming that all bonds, stocks, &c., issued before the passage of the exemption clause of September 7th, 1862, are liable to taxation under a State assessment or personal property. The Hanover Bank case, submitted an appeal, on behalf of the other leading city banks, as well as itself, from a decision of the Commissioners, levying, without discrimination, a State assessment on United States stocks in their possession.

A young and rather pretty Jewess, named Charlotte Weeden, is suing one Jacob Samuel, in the Supreme Court, for $10,000 damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The court room is crowded to excess. The lady herself was on the witness stand, and told the story of her "wrongs" with considerable pathos. The defendant denies having promised the lovelorn Charlotte his hand.

In the General Sessions, Richard S. Downing, on trial for the murder of his wife, was found guilty of manslaughter, in the second degree. He will be sentenced this week.

The Episcopal Convention, has, you will see, received the report of the Committee of Nine, upon the various propositions relating to the state of the country were referred. Contrary to general expectation, the committee are all agreed, and the report and resolutions, it is believed, will eventually meet the approval of the House of Deputies, but it is not so certain that the House of Bishops will concur. The majority of the fathers there, it is said, are in favor of taking no action whatsoever on the subject.

A greater interest was manifested in the Real murder case, Friday, than on any previous one. The prisoner looked pale, but calm and hopeful. The trial proceeded quietly until a Mrs. D'Orsay was put on the stand, when some sharp questioning was done by jurors. The defence called a Mrs. Mix, whose testimony created great excitement in Court, owing to a statement by her, that she "believed Mrs. Real was only *shamming* suicide to create sympathy." A very rigid re-examination by Mr. James did not worry her, and the result was in a measure injurious to the prisoner's case. At 2 o'clock, the Court adjourned till Monday, at 11 o'clock. The trial will close about Wednesday.

There were 127 deaths in Brooklyn during the week ending the 11th: a decrease of 33, compared with the mortality of the week previous.

The following table shows the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise at this port for the week ending October 10th, and since January 1st, compared with previous seasons:

For the Week.	1860.	1861.	1862.
Dry Goods,	$1,256,198	$315,519	$566,589
General Merch'se,	2,341,631	1,195,222	1,501,903
Total for week,	$3,597,729	$1,508,341	$1,859,792
Prev'ly reported,	185,113,968	101,758,118	138,305,422
Since Jan. 1,	$188,711,697	$103,266,959	$139,973,214

ASHES are steady, with sales of 25 bbls. at $7 12½ for Pots, and $7 37½ for Pearls.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for State and Western Flour continues buoyant, and prices have further advanced 10 a 15 cents per barrel, with an active demand and a light supply. The sales are 15,000 bbls. at $5 70 a $5 90 for superfine State; $6 05 a 6 35 for extra State; $5 70 a 5 90 for superfine Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, &c.; $6 20 a 7 70 for extra do., including shipping brands of round hoop Ohio at $6 55 a 6 70, and trade brands Ohio at $6 80 a 8. Southern Flour is also higher, and in moderate request; sales 1000 bbls. at $6 50 a 5 90 for superfine Baltimore; and $7 a 8 25 for extra do. Canadian Flour has further advanced, and there is a moderate business doing at the improvement; sales 800 bls. at $6 25a6 50 for common extra, and $6 65a8 for good to choice extra.

Rye flour is quiet at $3 55 a 4 50 for the range of fine and superfine. Corn meal is firm and in moderate demand; we quote Jersey at $3 45; Brandywine $3 85; puncheons, $17 50. Wheat is heavy, and 1 a 2c lower, with a large supply offering and a considerable falling in off the demand. The sales are 150,000 bushels at $1 16 a 1 22 for Chicago Spring; $1 20 a 1 25 for Milwaukie club; $1 25a 1 27 for amber Iowa; $1 2a 1 37 for winter red Western; $1 37 a 1 38 for amber Michigan $1 41½ for amber Kentucky, and $1 58 for white Kentucky. Rye is quiet at 67 a 72 cts. for Western, and 80 a83c. for State. Barley is scarce and firm. Oats are lower and dull at 56 a 59½c. for common to prime. Corn is firmer and less active, but prices are without change; sales 50,000 bushels at 63 a 64c. for sound Western mixed; 53 a 62c. for Eastern, and 49 a 56c. for unsound.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is less active and rather slack for mess, while prime is very firm. The sales are 1100 bbls., at $12 75 for mess, and $11 37½ a 11 50 for prime. Beef is dull, with sales of 100 bbls. at our quotations. Prime mess beef is inactive at 21 a 22, and beef hams at $14 a 16. Bacon is steady, with sales of 100 boxes City Cumberland Cut at 7¾. Cut meats are very quiet at our quotations. Lard is firm and in good demand; sales 1000 lbs. at 10 a 10¾. WHISKY is active and firmer; sales 1000 bbls. at 35c.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The stock market on Saturday was heavy, with free sellers of almost every stock on the list. American Gold sold at 123¾ a 129. Silver was about eight per cent. below gold, and the new cents 3 a 6 per cent. below silver. Demand Treasury Notes were worth 124½ a 124¾. This difference between coin and paper, ought naturally, to have put up stock prices. The want of confidence apparent in stock circles on Thursday and Friday continued, and prices were generally lower. U. S. 7.30s declined ¼, and the 6s of 1881, the same. The One Year Certificates were steady at 99¾. Pennsylvania Railroad 2d mortgages declined ¼, and City 6s, old, ¼. Reading Railroad 6s of 1870, were steady at 101¼, and the bonds of 1886 rose ¼, selling at 96½. There were further sales of Sunbury and Erie 7s at 103, and of Philadelphia and Erie 6s at 101¾. Schuylkill Navigation 6s of 1882, were steady at 70¾, and Elmira chattel 10s at 45. The better description of companies' loans were not much depressed by the news of the rebel invasion of the State, nor was there much excitement in regard to the news of the fact. People differed in opinion as to the purpose of the movement, but all seemed to consider it one of little moment, as regards any permanent effect on the war. The share list showed some little fluctuation in prices, and with a pressing desire to sell Reading, Catawissa, etc., a considerable decline was acceded to. The former fluctuated between 37¼ and 37¾, closing at 37¾, a decline of ¼ on Friday's closing sales. Catawissa common declined ¼, and the preferred ¾, selling down to 14. Pennsylvania Railroad shares sold as low as 62¾, and closed at 63¾. Harrisburg Railroad declined ¼. Elmira preferred was steady at 30. Morris Canal shares were lower without sales. Norristown Railroad was ¼ higher. Lehigh Valley, Lehigh Navigation, and Minehill were inactive and quotably lower. There was scarcely anything said in local bank shares, though quotations for them were firm and general. Passenger Railway securities partook of the feeling of the market, and with few sales in any of them, qotations were down a fraction.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

LOANS.	Par	Bid	Ask
U States 6s '81	100	103¾	104
Treas N 7-30	100	106½	106¼
Penna 6s	100	107¾	107¾
" 5s	100	94¾	94¾
" 5s cp	100	58	59
Philada 6s o	100	101	...
" R	100	101	...
" G Ln	100	101	...
" N Ln	100	104½	104¾
" coup'n	100	...	...
" 5s	100	...	...
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	80	...
" 6s R	100	41	...
Alleg City 6s	100	...	...
" 6s R	100	41	...
Camden 6s	100	...	...
Penn 5s	100	...	...
Cincinna 6s	100	...	...
Missouri 6s	100	...	...
St Louis bds	105	...	...
BANKS.			
N Amer Bk	100	170	...
Philadelphia	100	111¾	...
Far & Mech	50	52¾	...
Commercial	50	48	50
N Liberties	50	64½	...
Mechanics'	50	25½	26
Southwark	50	73	...
Kensington	50	62	...
Penn Town	35	32¾	...
Girard	100	40¾	42½
Western	50	64	65
Manu & Mec	25	24½	...
Commerce	50	55	...
Tradesmen's	50	43½	...
City	50	...	...
Consolidat'n	30	27	28
Commonw'h	30	32¾	...
Corn Exc'ge	30	28½	...
Union	40	31	35
Camden	50	53	...
" Far & M	100	...	...
Germant'n	50	...	...
Miner's Pts	50	...	...
Tremont

THE FIRST FIRE.

BY JOHN J. PLATT.

Dearest, to-night, upon our hearth
See the first fire of Autumn leap—
The first that we with festal mirth
For loving Memory keep.
Sweet fairy of the fireside, come
And guard our altar-flame of home!

Without, October breathes the night,
Cold dews below, cold stars on high;
The chilly cricket sees our light
Reach welcoming arms a-nigh,
And sighs to sing his evening song
Upon our hearth the winter long.

Blithe cricket! welcome singing here!
I half-recall dead Autumn's cold,
Half close my eyes to dream, my dear,
Their sadness vague and old:
The fireside fairy laughs and tries
With bursting sparks to shell my eyes!

Ill-timed the gay conceit, I know:
On the dark hills that near us lie
(The real will not, need not go)
Beneath the autumnal sky
Stand battle-tents that everywhere
Keep ghostly-white the moonless air.

The sentinel walks his lonely beat,
The soldier slumbers on the ground!
To one hearth-glimmers far are sweet—
One dreams the fireside sound!
From unforgotten doors they reach
Dear sympathies more dear than speech.

I think of all the homeless wo,
The battle-winter long;
Alas, the word—the hearths aglow!
And lo, the cricket's song
Within! the fairy's minstrel sings
Away the ghosts of saddest things!

The fire-smile keeps our walls in bloom—
Home's summer light a flower, I deem;
And look, the pictures in the room,
How beautiful! a-gleam;
A window there with rose and bee—
The olive dove's in from the sea!

A cottage in a summer land
And one whose shadow walks before,
(Snow peaks afar in sunset stand!)
Vines flutter o'er the door,
Half-hidden in a sunlit place,
But cannot hide a sunlit face.

And, yonder, bending o'er the child,
An angel with a yearning grace,
Rosy with fire-bloom, lingers mild—
A mother's tender face!
Her wings (the boy has dreaming eye,)
Show that she came from Paradise.

Near by, the same: her arms about
A child just kissed from summer sleep
(Still rocks the cradle;) laugh and shout
Within her bosom keep
Sweet echoes dancing. Which is best,
The angel blessing—mortal blest?

A torrent lost in rainbow spray,
A flock (its shepherdess, the moon)
Asleep; the laureate-lark of day
At home some even in June;
Dear humble fancies of the heart,
When Art was love in love with Art.

Blithe dance the flames and blest are we!
Without, the funeral of the year
Is preached by every mournful tree;
The tree in blossom here,
Knows no lost leaves, no farewell wing—
In vain will Autumn preach to Spring!

The cricket sings. His song? You know.
Warm prophecies of dearest days—
(Horizons lost, of long ago,
Crumble within the blaze!)—
Of nights aglow with light that blesses,
And wine from Home's enchanted presses.

The cricket sings, and, as I dream,
Your face shows tender smile and tear,
What angels of the hearth a-gleam,
Wingless, have lighted here!
Sing, cricket, sing of these to-night;
The first fire of our home is bright!

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

GREEN MANURES AND FIBROUS COVERING.

The following extracts from the writings of Von Thayer, Way, Johnson and Anderson, writers of great and acknowledged celebrity on agriculture, will give some of your readers some useful hints for practical attention on their farms:

Von Thayer, the great agriculturist of Germany, in speaking of green manures, says: "We bestow a most active and abundant vegetable amendment on soil when *we sow it with plants adapted to its nature*, which will flourish and attain the highest state of development, and then, when they have begun to flower, either bury them by the action of the plow or have them eaten off the ground or trodden in by cattle. This practice is of great antiquity—it was held in high estimation among the Romans, and exists at the present day in Italy. There it is that the amelioration produced by a crop which has been buried *while green* is the very best that can be bestowed on a soil, and is capable of bestowing on it the utmost degree of fertility of which it is susceptible—indeed they even prefer it when there is a sufficiency of animal manure.—(Von Thaer's Principles of Practical Agriculture, page 229.)

Professor Way, of England, says: "If instead of having the land exposed only to the action of the atmosphere, we crop it with a plant, whose roots run in every direction for food—and if when this plant has arrived at considerable growth, we turn it into the surface soil, we have not only enriched the latter by the elements derived from the air, but also by manures both mineral and vegetable fetched up from the subsoil. The plant thus acts the part of *collecting the nourishment for a future crop* in a way that no mechanical subsoiling or trenching could effect. * * Theoretically the plant has arrived at the purpose of *green manures* which preeents the largest surface of leaves for the collection of atmospheric food, and sends down the deepest roots for the mineral wealth of the subsoil. And the crop which will most benefit by the supply of manure thus afforded, will be that one which, besides throwing out its roots laterally or being a shallow feeder, is at the same time most dependent on the soil for nourishment.—Morton's Cyclopædia of Agriculture, 1 vo. page 1005.]

Professor Johnson, of England says: "When *green* vegetable substances are buried in the soil, they first lose their green color, speedily wither, and then putrefaction soon commences. It is requisite, however, for this purpose, that moisture should be present, and that the temperature of the soil should not be less than 45 degrees. If the atmosphere has access to the vegetable matter, the putrefaction proceeds with more rapidity, but its presence is not essential.—(Johnson on Fertilizers, page 169.) The value of green manuring also arises in part from its merely covering and shading the ground. This is a mystery to some minds. However, as Anderson says: "But every practical farmer knows or ought to know, for the facts are constantly before his observation, that and can be made excedingly fertile without manure. He must have noticed that if any portion of the soil has been covered, either accidentally or designed, for some time, by water, stone, plank, logs, chips, brush, rails, cornstalks, straw, buildings of every description with cellars, hay or straw ricks, leaves, or clover, and in fact, that under any and every substance which has covered its surface closely, it invariably becomes exceedingly fertile, and that the degree of this fertility is totally independent of the covering substance.—(See Anderson's Economy of Manures.)

October, 1862. WEST-BRANCH.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

IRRIGATION.

The benefits arising from irrigating, I think, are not fully appreciated by farmers generally. It has been demonstrated satisfactorily, that water is indispensable to the perfect development of plants, for its elements enter into the composition of all of them. I do not mean to say that water, as a fertilizer, can be successfully used upon cultivated land, (for in this I have had no experience,) nor yet upon meadow lands in all locations, but some are peculiarly adapted for irrigation. Almost all meadows have a large or small stream idly running through them, which, if properly managed, might be made to do good service, by filling the farmer's barn with an abundance of hay, and his pockets with the "*shiners*," his greatest joy. The question might be asked, whether water of all kinds should be employed to irrigate? The vegetable matter and acids frequently contained in waters running through forests and marshes, injure them for irrigation, being unfavorable to the growth of grass; likewise, water running from forges, mines, &c. I think spring water is the best; that in which trout are found is said to be good. In order to do the thing right, a dam should be made across the stream at the head of the meadow; not a temporary concern, but, if the stream be of a good size, one should be made with gates, which can be let down to turn the water on the meadow, and taken up in time of flood, or when not needed. A deep furrow should then be drawn from the dam, along on the highest part of the meadow, with small outlets at proper distances, in order to distribute the water equally over the meadows. It might be observed that every meadow should be as level as possible; that is, there should be no banks or hollows, if possible to avoid them. The water may be turned on in the spring, as soon as there is no danger from freezing, and may be permitted to remain for a couple of weeks, when it should be taken off for a time. Care should be taken, however, not to let it remain on too long near the time of cutting, as it will injure the hay. So much for theory—now for the facts. I saw the above method *imperfectly* tried last season, with very good results. The grass last year was short and fine, while this season it was first-rate, and turned off at least fifty per cent. more hay to the acre. The meadow was not as level as it should have been; and, consequently, the higher places were not sufficiently watered, or the result would have been still better. For meadow, especially upland, I think nothing pays better than irrigation. Meadow soil is mostly deep, and contains sufficient fertilizing power to raise large crops for a long time, and it only wants water to bring it out. I hope that more attention may be given to this subject, and that farmers may give it a fair trial, and report success to the "Dollar Newspaper," for the benefit of others.

September, 1862. CENTRAL PENNA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

DOMESTIC DRUDGERY.

While looking over the "Newspaper" a short time since, I noticed an article with this heading, in which the author calls for excuses for the evils attending the daily routine of drudgery in a farmer's household. I have thought much on the subject before, and have had some experience in the matter, and I think there are several causes which tend to make the life of a farmer's wife particularly hard and unpleasant; and whenever the cure of a great evil is known, its cure can be more easily accomplished. In the first place, our girls now-a-days are not educated to be farmers' wives, and, indeed, as a general thing, are not very well fitted to take up the cares of life in any station. Their girlhood is spent mostly at school, where, to be sure, they are learning useful knowledge, but there is a great lack of practical information, and, in too many cases, a dislike for everything useful, which illy prepares them for the care of a household. There are many things, indeed almost everything, connected with the routine of housework, that cannot be learned without experience, and no rules can be laid down for their easy and proper performance; consequently, when one of our butterfly girls marries, settles down on the farm, and takes the cares of a family upon herself, no matter how good courage she may have—no matter how intelligent and accomplished she may be in everything else—she fails in everything she undertakes; and work that, in experienced hands, would be light, and even pleasant, becomes to her the severest drudgery, because she lacks the requisite tact to make right calculations, or do things in their proper manner, and at just the right time; and she has to learn, through a dearly bought experience, the homely but necessary arts neglected in girlhood. Another source of domestic drudgery is our manner of living now-a-days. There is such a style to be kept up, so many fashions to follow, so much cooking to be done, such an aping of aristocracy, that in families of the class neither rich nor poor, the mistress of the house is more of a drudge than the meanest slave. If we could only live in the simple manner our grandmothers did, how much unnecessary labor and care we should be free from. The fashionable style of living is all very well, while there are means to carry it out, but would it not be quite as commendable for farmers' wives, who do their own work, to live more for comfort, and dispense with the drudgery dependent on "keeping up appearances." They would certainly have more time for intellectual improvement; and in republican America it should be real worth that makes the man, or woman either. I think there are two important causes of domestic drudgery; but, perhaps some of the correspondents of the "Newspaper" can give us more light on the subject, and as I think it is worthy of attention, I hope we shall hear from some one capable of giving us the root of the matter. ALICE.

THE BROOM BUSINESS.

Perhaps there is not a branch of American manufactures that has within a few years increased so rapidly in extent, attended at the same time with a large advance in prices, as the manufacture of brooms. The acquisition of California, and the settlement there of a large population depending upon importation for a supply of necessary articles, and the increased population of cities and villages, have of course given an impetus to the trade of this city in brooms, as in almost everything else. But the demand for export to European and Australian markets, has been the leading cause of the large increase in this particular business.

The dealers in New York city are principally supplied from Schenectady, New York, although the towns of Headley and Hatfield, in Massachusetts, furnish a considerable number yearly. The Albany Journal noticed a large shipment of Schenectady brooms on Saturday. It may afford some idea of the extent of the business to state, that one firm in New York sell annually about forty thousand dozen brooms manufactured in Schenectady, and ten thousand dozen from towns in Massachusetts. Most of the brooms manufactured in Massachusetts find a market in Boston. There are half a dozen houses in New York city dealing largely in brooms; they are principally in Fulton street. The ordinary brooms of which we speak, have sold recently as high as $17 a hundred—this is the Schenectady manufacture. In the Massachusetts manufacture, the corn is fastened upon the handle with a small wire, instead of stout twine, and the article consequently is not considered so valuable. A few years since, brooms which now bring the above price could be bought at from eight to twelve dollars per hundred. Lately, brooms have been sold by weight, at from eight to eleven cents per pound. The average weight is a pound and a half.

The broom corn used in this manufacture, is raised principally in the valleys of the Mohawk and the Connecticut. The soil at the bottoms along those rivers possesses certain characteristics highly favorable to the growth of this agricultural product. Although the labor attending its cultivation is great, it is considered a valuable crop—being more hardy than maize, and less liable to injury from frosts. It was a good deal cultivated in the Genesee Valley a few years ago, and is now to some extent; but the product goes to supply Western and local markets. The crop is becoming one of decided importance, and it will, no doubt, attract the attention of farmers more generally than it has done; while to its manufacture, mechanical ingenuity and capital will be turned.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HOW TO KEEP HARNESS IN ORDER.

Farmers, observing the good condition and fine appeaaance of my harness, are anxious to become acquainted with the *modus operandi* by which I treat my harness. I will here submit it for the public good: Take neats-foot oil and ivory or patent black, the latter well pulverized, or to be made so before using. Mix well, adding the black until the oil is well colored or quite black. In cool weather the oil should be warmed somewhat before mixing. With a sponge apply a light coat of the mixture, only what the leather will absorb, unless the herness is very dry, in which case a heavier coating may be necessary. After the harness is dry, which will be in from two hours to a half or a whole day, depending upon the weather and previous condition of the leather; wash well with soap-suds; in making the suds use good Castile soap and rain water, warm water should never be used on harness leather; apply the suds with a sponge; rub off with buckskin. This will give the harness a nice glossy surface, and the leather will retain a good color and continue pliable for months. If it becomes soiled with mud or sweat, an application of soap and water, as above directed, without oiling, will be sufficient to give it a bright appearance. Two applications of this mixture a year, or once in six months, will be sufficient to keep harness in good order. It may be necessary for liverymen, and others who use harness constantly, to apply the oil oftener, but in most cases two oilings a year, and washing with suds when soiled, will keep a harness in good trim for sight and service. This process will pay a large dividend in extra service and durability, to say nothing of improved appearance. The same or a very similar application is just the thing for carriage tops which are made of *top leather*. The only difference in treatment is, that less oil should be used, or rather a lighter coating applied, and it should be washed off before drying in, the top leather being thin and much more penetrable than harness. Of course this mixture would not answer for enamelled leather, of which some carriage-tops are made. Hoping these few facts may meet the eyes of many farmers, and be the means of improving their harness, I will close my remarks for the present, L. M. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

STOCK RAISING.

Unless under very peculiar circumstances, I regard the raising of horses, in preference to other stock, as more profitable and pleasant. A good colt just weaned will cost, say thirty dollars, and in three years afterwards sell for a hundred dollars. During this period he will have involved no more expense of labor or money than a calf costing five dollars, and which at the end of the same time will sell for only twenty to thirty dollars. In this view the odds are certainly largely in favor of the colt. I know it is claimed that horned-cattle can run at large during a part of the year, while horse stock must be enclosed and pastured. But, it may well be doubted whether much is gained in the improved value of horned-cattle, only by feeding; and, it is certain, they do much damage to young and thrifty timber, while at large, besides being often the cause of quarrels among neighbors, and law-suits too. In the selection of a colt to raise, I would be careful to get one from an unexceptionable strain. Disease is certainly entailed in the horse, as it is admitted to be in the human constitution. Physical defects, as ring-bone, spavin, poll-evil, &c., in the sire or dam of a colt, will contaminate it. This point should be well looked to, and also the prominent qualities of the strain, whether good or bad, as these too will come out in the horse, and do much to improve or depreciate his value. So far as possible, good blood should be sought after, as it takes no more—I will say less—to keep a colt of superior, than one of inferior blood; and in the end it is worth much more. I prefer buying a colt when just weaned, to breeding it, as I thereby avoid all risk and loss of time with the mare, save the price of the season, and can select the color, style, and peculiarities I want. J. A. S.

Huntingdon county, Pa., 1862.

WHEN TO SELL HAY.

Most of our farms are in such need of manure that it is deemed bad husbandry to sell hay, and, as a rule, it is only short-sighted farmers that part with it at any price. If they cannot pay for it in milk and beef sold, most farmers are certain it pays in making manure. With some it has passed into a proverb that "he that sells hay is a candidate for the poor-house." The American Agriculturalist says, unless something is restored to the land in the place of the hay, it is pretty certain to make a poor-house of the farm. Here lies the whole secret of safety in selling this crop. The meadows must be kept in good heart, and if it is not done by hay consumed on the farm it must be by some other process. Farmers living within a few hours of a good market and cheap sources of manure, can sell hay to advantage. The team that carries hay may bring back a load of manure. The farmer would be at no expense for carting, for the cart would otherwise come home empty. If the manure were from a stable of grain-fed horses, the farm would be a gainer by the exchange. Cities and villages have many wastes that are cheap sources of fertility, and where these can be transported without much expense it will do to sell hay.

Then there are farms upon the seaboard and near sea ports, that may safely export hay. They have a cheap transit for their hay, and an inexhansible source of manure in the fish and weeds which the sea produces. With a liberal use of these fertilizers a farm may be kept up to any degree of fertility. Farms without these advantages can rarely sell hay to a profit. The exceptions will be in the cases of farms liberally supplied with muck or peat, to form the base of composts, or those furnished with streams for irrigation. Muck, if decomposed with lime or ashes or fermented with any kind of animal manure makes an excellent top-dressing for meadows, and with this, the soil may be made to yield maximum crops of hay.

It is asserted by men who have tried it for years, that meadows may be kept up to two or three tons of hay to the acre by irrigation alone. In lands naturally or artificially underdrained, we have no doubt of the truth of this position. The productiveness of intervale land, where there is an annual overflow, confirms this position. Though artificial irrigation is little practiced in this country, the few examples that we have met with confirm the correctness of this position. We have little doubt that a brook, flowing through a farm of sufficient fall to be available for irrigation, is as valuable as a muck mine. The beauty of this mode of fertilizing is that after the dams are built, and the channels prepared, it costs nothing to keep the meadows fertile. You have only to look on and see the grass grow. We recently visited a farm cutting a hundred and fifty tons of hay for this market, where water did the principal manuring. As the fields have gained in their annual yield for ten years, it may safely be inferred that they will yield grass abundantly as long as the water runs.

FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN.

As winter approaches, the flowering shrubs and plants in bloom become reduced in variety, so that in October, dahlias, gladioluses, and chrysanthemums occupy nearly the entire field of hardy plants; yet, with proper care and taste in selecting varieties, removing all decaying leaves and other unsightly objects, and arranging for effect, these may be made quite efficient in gratifying the love of the beautiful. Attending to these, cleaning up flower borders, sowing and transplanting perennials; potting bedded plants, setting bulbs, saving seeds of late bloomers, protecting or removing tender varieties to flower pits, greenhouse, cellar, or window, planting shrubs, trenching and seeding, or turfing lawn, and transplanting ornamental trees, constitute the main labors of October, in the flower garden and lawn department.

BEDDED PLANTS.—Take up and pot petunias, verbenas, fuchsias, geraniums, salvias, etc., for winter blooming. Make cuttings, and place in boxes or pots of light sandy soil at once.

BULBS may be planted at any time from September to December, but are better when put in early. Plant in any good garden soil, covering from two to four inches.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS are now in the height of bloom, and their rich colors and varied and delicate shadings render them very attractive. Keep carefully staked to prevent injury by Autumn winds, and promptly remove all decaying leaves, etc. Mark choice blooms to divide and re-set roots in Spring.

DAHLIAS AND GLADIOLUSSES.—Treat as directed for Chrysanthemums, except to remove to a cellar or other dry place, where they will be protected from freezing.

FRAMES AND PITS—Prepare for the early reception of plants.

PERENNIALS.—Hollyhocks, wallflowers, etc., do well if sown first of this month.

LAWN.—Trench or subsoil and manure where needed. In turfing, beat sods well down and fill all crevices with fine soil or sand. Sow early, and roll immediately after sowing, and again just before winter. Perennial rye-grass is esteemed for lawns, but Kentucky blue-grass suits us best.

PINKS, CARNATIONS, ETC.—Pot-rooted layers and young plants for removal to pit or green-house before frost.

SHRUBS.—Plant hardy, early-blooming varieties.

EXPERIMENTS IN ROTTING FLAX.

A Canadian gentleman, interested in flax-culture, writes from London under date of July 17, as follows, relative to experiments in rotting flax. He wished particularly to ascertain the difference in value between dew-rotted flax and that steeped in the ordinary manner in cold water—and I was shown the result of a most interesting experiment on this very subject, tried this year. Flax taken from one field was separated into three portions—(1) one of these was dew-rotted, according to the custom of the country where it was grown (the grower thinking the quality not good enough for any other system)—(2) the second was rotted in stagnant water in pits according to the custom in the North of Ireland, and in many parts of Belgium—(3) and the third in running water, as practised in the river Lys at Courtrai. The last was the best flax when rotted, but the second was actually *double* the value of the dew-rotted flax.

"This circumstance should be known by our farmers, as the same crop may be made to yield a two-fold value according to the system of rotting practised; and in point of fact the steeping system—occupying only 6 or 8 days, is cheaper than dew-rotting, which occupies six weeks or two months, and must therefore require a greater amount of supervision."

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

TOBACCO.—*Ebensburg, Pa.*—In answer to "E. C.'s" inquiry, in the "Dollar Newspaper" of October 1, 1862, I will simply state my method in such cases, which is as follows: As soon as the tobacco-plants begin to blossom, I cut the blossoms off all the plants, except such as I wish to preserve for seed. As soon as the suckers make their appearance, I pull them off, and continue to do so as long as they grow. The suckers grow just above the leaves, and sometimes from the roots of the plants, and they should be kept down, and not allowed to remain in any case; even the suckers on the seed stalks should be kept off, and in this manner the quality of the seed will be improved. When the suckers are not taken off, the leaves on the main stalk are small, but they will be fine and large if the suckers are taken off at least twice each week. I boil the stems and pour the liquor over the tobacco when I am pressing it into plugs or twists, but I never put it on the leaves until they are made up in twists ready for pressing. I raise a small quantity of tobacco every year, for my own use, and I treat it in the manner above mentioned. G. W. O.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TURNIP CULTURE.

Root crops are among the most valuable products of the farm, and although the turnip is less nutritious than some others, it is equally as valuable to the farmer to feed stock, in combination with other food, as most other roots. A rich, loose soil, which is free from weeds, and composed largely of vegetable mould, is the best adapted to its growth. Hence they will generally grow the best on new land. But rich sward land, if plowed deep and fine, will grow a good crop of turnips. The English plan of burning the sods and scattering the ashes over the field, is one of the best ways of preparing old land for turnips, and is generally followed by a good crop. Sow any time from the 20th of July to the 1st of August broadcast, or in drills. Three-quarters of a pound of seed to the acre is sufficient. Caustic lime, ashes and soot, scattered over the field when the leaves are moist, will, in some measure, prevent the ravages of the fly—that great enemy to turnip culture—but it is difficult to destroy them.

Jackson, 1862. PROGRESS.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

TOBACCO.—*Seneca Castle, N. Y.*—Will some one of your correspondents inform me how to cure green tobacco and make good smoking tobacco of it? I have a patch which I wish to prepare for my own use. The desired information will much oblige an old subscriber to your most excellent "Newspapper." R. S. C., M. D.

TANNING SMALL SKINS.—*Montgomery County, Pa.*—Will any of the numerous readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" please inform a subscriber, through its columns, the best method of tanning small skins? Any information will be gladly received. T. H.

BOILED OATS, fried in fat, are recommended for laying hens as the very best food for the production of eggs.

BLACK TEA requires to be well steeped—from ten to twelve minutes is not too much.

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

"'Twas a terrible fight," the soldier said;
"Our Colonel was one of the first to fall,
Shot dead on the field by a rifle ball—
A braver heart than his never bled."

A group for the painter's art were they:
The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face;
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace;
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in a porch, where the sunlight came
Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine vine,
Spilling itself like a golden wine,
And flecking the doorway with rings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
For the air was sultry with the summer heat;
The road was like ashes under the feet,
And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight—our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks seized our colors, and then
He, too, fell dead on the self-same spot,

"A handsome boy was this last. His hair
Clustered in curls round his noble brow;
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name? Have you never heard
Where he was from, this youth who fell?
And your regiment, stranger, which was it, tell?"

"Our regiment? It was the Twenty-third."

The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
Leaving it white as the face of the dead.
The mother lifted her eyes and said:
"Pity my daughter— in mercy speak!"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth,'
The soldier answered; "not even his name,
Or from what part of the State he came.
As God is above I speak the truth!

"But when we buried our dead that night,
I took from his breast this picture—see!
It is as like him as like can be;
Hold it this way, toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half sad, half wild,
Passed over her face, which grew more pale,
Then a passionless, hopeless, heart-broken wail.
And the mother bent low o'er her prostrate child.

THE REBELLION.

GENERAL POPE'S CAMPAIGN.

GENERAL SIGEL'S REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST CORPS,
ARMY OF VIRGINIA, September, 1862.

OPERATIONS PREVIOUS TO THE BATTLES OF THE 29TH AND 30TH OF AUGUST.

After the battle of Cedar Mountain, the retreat of the first corps from the Rapidan behind the Rappahannock, and the engagement of that corps near the Rappahannock Station, Freeman's Ford and Sulphur Springs, we advanced to Waterloo bridge on the same day we had taken possession of Sulphur Springs. The brigade of Gen. Milroy occupied a position on the north side of the bridge, extending his line of sharpshooters along the shore of the river. The main body of the corps was encamped between the bridge and Sulphur Springs, and behind it the corps of Major Gen. Banks, and Gen. Reno's division. The latter had advanced from Rappahannock Station, along the south side of the river in a line parallel with the route taken by our troops, and was trying to cross at the above named ford (Freeman's), and the bridges at Sulphur Springs and Waterloo. In the night of the 24th of August, his camp-fires extended from Waterloo bridge to Jefferson Village, a distance of four or five miles, his main force of about 30,000 men occupying the latter point.

Early in the morning of the 25th, a sharp skirmish commenced at the Waterloo Bridge, which was reported to me by Gen. Pope to have been destroyed by Gen. Reno's troops, but which we found on our arrival to be in good order, and strongly defended by the enemy. While we were taking position on the north side, the enemy began to break up his camp at Jefferson, and to mass his troops on the south side of the bridge. By noon twenty-eight regiments of infantry, six batteries, and several regiments of cavalry of the enemy had arrived and taken their position. I had the night before given notice of the enemy's strength and movements to Major General Pope, and now again informed him of the position of affairs, as the disposition he had made of our forces was evidently based on the supposition that the enemy would force the passage of the river between Bealeton and Waterloo Bridge.

In the meantime, I had been directed to march to Fayetteville, and form part of the centre of the army, to be arranged in a line extending from Waterloo bridge to Bealeton station. In accordance with this order, Gen. Milroy should have been relieved in the morning by a brigade of Gen. McDowe l; another brigade of the third corps (McDowell's) had to march to Sulphur Springs. In the forenoon of the same day, Gen. Roberts, of Major Gen. Pope's staff, delivered to me a verbal order to hold my position at Waterloo bridge under all circumstances, and to meet the enemy if he should try to force the passage of the river, and that Gen. McDowell would be on my right with the cavalry brigade of Gen. Buford, and Gen. Banks on my left.

Soon afterward I received intelligence that a large force of the enemy's cavalry had crossed on my right, and was moving toward Orleans, and that another force had crossed on my left, at Sulphur Springs, and taken possession of that place. I immediately ordered General Beardsley, with the 25th New York Cavalry and four mountain howitzers, to Sulphur Springs to shell the enemy out of the place, which he did. The rest of my cavalry, consisting of three companies of the 1st Virginia, and two of the 1st Maryland, I ordered toward Orleans for the purpose of protecting my right flank.

Meanwhile, cannonading was kept up near the bridge, and from all indications I supposed that the enemy would avail himself of the opportunity to make a combined attack against my position. I therefore sent to the left to find Gens. Banks and Reno, and to the right to look after Gen. McDowell's troops, especially the cavalry brigade, and was not a little astonished to find that Gens. Banks and Reno were, by order of Gen. Pope, on their march to Bealeton, and that no troops could be found on my right, except the cavalry brigade of Gen. Buford, which was encamped four miles behind us on the Warrenton road.

To confuse matters still more, I received a despatch from Gen. McDowell, one section of it directed to Major Gen. Banks, asking for news from his corps, and the other directed to myself, informing me that I would join my pontoon train at Fayetteville. I sent this to Gen. Banks, and requested him to furnish me with the information he could, so that, in the absence of instructions, I might be enabled to direct my movements properly. I also sent to Gens. Pope and McDowell, at Warrenton, for an explanation and for orders, but Gen. Pope had left for Warrenton Station, and Gen. McDowell could not furnish me with any instructions. It was now nearly sunset and my situation exceedingly critical. Threatened on my right and left flanks, an army of 30,000 menacing my front, and separated from me only by a shallow river, fordable at many points for infantry as well as cavalry and artillery—no supporting force within eight or ten miles—I supposed that it was not really the intention of the Commanding General to leave me in this position. I was confirmed in my opinion by the answer of Gen. Banks, who advised me to march to Fayetteville, and by the fragmentary paper saying that I would find my pontoon train at that point.

Considering all this, I resolved to march to Fayetteville at night, and made my preparations accordingly, though I did not believe in the correctness of the whole plan.

Just at the moment when my troops were about to move, one of my officers returned with an order of Gen. Pope, directing me to march to Warrenton and to encamp there. I put my troops in motion in compliance with this order, and cautiously withdrew from Waterloo Bridge, and had not a single company of cavalry to cover my retreat. Before withdrawing, however, I ordered the destruction of the bridge, which was accomplished under the direction of Gen. Milroy, after much exertion and some loss of life. At 2 o'clock next morning (Aug. 26), as I was entering Warrenton with my rear guard, I received another order from Gen. Pope, through Gen. McDowell, directing me to force the passage of Waterloo Bridge at daylight."

As this was an impossibility, the troops having marched the whole night on a very inconvenient road, I reported to Major General Pope this fact, and received orders to stay at Warrenton. During the day, I ascertained that the enemy was marching by Thoroughfare Gap to Manassas, and on the following night that his main army was encamped at White Plains, the advance guard east of Thoroughfare Gap, and the rear at Orleans.

This news was brought in by all the scouts sent out by me, and some cavalry, to Sperryville, Salem, and Gainesville, and immediately communicated by telegraph to Major General Pope. It was also reported to me that the enemy was moving during the night, that Jackson would be in Manassas next day, and that Longstreet had not yet joined him, but was two miles from Salem at noon on Wednesday, the 27th. In view of these facts, I proposed to Gen. McDowell, to whose command the 1st Corps had been attached since its arrival at Waterloo Bridge, to concentrate our troops at Gainesville, and thereby separate Longstreet's troops from those of Jackson, taking the enemy at Manassas in the rear, and, by forcing him to evacuate Manassas, effect a junction with the army of Gen. McClellan. This movement was executed.

On the morning of the 27th the First Corps left Warrenton for Buckland Bridge, on the road to Gainesville, with directions to take possession of the road, and thereby open the road to Gainesville. The brigade of Brig. Gen. Milroy advanced rapidly toward the bridge, and drove the enemy—who was stationed there with some artillery and cavalry—back to Gainesville, while the pioneers repaired the bridge, which had been set on fire and partially destroyed by the enemy. In a short time the whole of Gen. Milroy's brigade had passed the river and pressed forward against Gainesville, taking on their way about 150 prisoners. I now ordered Gen. Schurz to pass the river, and follow Gen. Milroy, and take position behind him. The division of Gen. Schenck also crossed the river, and the infantry brigade of General Steinwehr remained in reserve at the bridge. Such was the position of the First Corps on the evening of the 27th.

During the night Gen. McDowell's corps arrived at Buckland Mills, and I received orders at three o'clock in the morning to march to Manassas and to take a position with my right resting on the railroad leading from Warrenton Junction to Manassas Junction—so, at least, I understood the order. On this march our cavalry, sent out to the left in the direction of Groveton, was shelled by the enemy about one and a half miles distant from the road on which we marched; and besides this an artillery engagement began between Gen McDowell's corps and the enemy. I immediately halted, ordered the whole corps to countermarch, and formed in order of battle on the heights parallel with the Centreville-Gainesville road. The enemy's infantry and cavalry pickets were about 300 yards from our lines, and our skirmishers had already advanced against them, when, on a report made to Gen. McDowell, I received orders to march forth with to Manassas Junction.

I reluctantly obeyed this order, marched off from the right, and was within two-and-a-half miles from Manassas when our cavalry reported that Manassas was evacuated by the enemy, and that Gen. Kearney was in possession of that point. As I was sure that the enemy must be somewhere between Centreville and Gainesville, I asked permission to march to New Market, whereupon I was directed to march to Centreville. This order was in execution, and the troops prepared to cross the fords of Bull Run, when our advance met the enemy on the road leading from New Market to Sudley's Ford, this side of Bull Run. About the same time I received a report from General Pope that the enemy was concentrating at Centreville.

Supposing this was correct, I directed the brigades of Gen. Milroy and Colonel McLean to advance against the enemy this side of Bull Run, on the road to Sudley's Spring, and left Genl. Stahl's brigade and Gen. Schurz's division near the fords, the latter division facing toward Centreville. At noon, however, as I had ascertained that Centreville was evacuated by the enemy, I followed with these troops, to assist Brig. Gen. Milroy and Col. McLean, who, under the direction of Brig. General Schenck, was briskly engaged with the left of the enemy's forces, whose right had engaged a brigade of the Third Corps. Our artillery advanced steadily until the darkness of the night interrupted their movements. They encamped for the night near Mrs. Harvey's farm—one regiment having taken possession of the Centreville-Gainesville turnpike, the main force fronting toward Sudley's Spring and Groveton.

BATTLE AT GROVETON, NEAR BULL RUN, ON FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1862.

On Thursday night, Aug. 28, when the First Corps was encamped on the Heights, south of Young's Branch, near Bull Run, I received orders to "attack the the enemy vigorously" the next morning. I accordingly made the necessary preparations at night, and formed in order of battle at daybreak, having ascertained that the enemy was in considerable force beyond Young's branch, in sight of the hills we occupied. His left wing rested on Catharpine Creek—front toward Centreville; with his centre he occupied a long stretch of woods parallel with the Sudley Spring-Newmarket road, and his right was posted on the hills on both sides of the Centreville-Gainesville road. I therefore directed Gen. Schurz to deploy his division on the right of the Gainesville road, and by a change of direction to the left, to come into position parallel with the Sudley-Spring road. Gen. Milroy, with his brigade and one battery, was directed to form the centre, and to take possession of an elevation in front of the so-called "Stone House," at the junction of the Gainesville and Sudley-Spring road. Gen. Schenck, with his division forming our left, was ordered to advance quickly to an adjoining range of hills, and to plant his batteries on these hills, at an excellent range from the enemy's position.

In this order our whole line advanced from point to point, taking advantage of the ground before us, until our whole line was involved in a most vehement artillery and infantry contest. In the course of about four hours—from half-past six to half-past ten o'clock, in the morning—our whole infantry and nearly all our batteries were engaged with the enemy, Gens. Milroy and Schurz advancing one mile, and Gen. Schenck two miles from their original positions.

At this time (10¼ o'clock), the enemy threw forward large masses of infantry against our right, but was resisted firmly, and driven back three times in succession by the troops of Generals Milroy and Schurz.

To assist these troops so hard pressed by overpowering numbers, exhausted by fatigue and weakened by losses, I ordered one battery of reserve to take position on their left, and posted two pieces of artillery under Lt. Blum, of Schirmer's Battery, supported by the 41st New York Volunteers, beyond their line, and opposite the right flank of the enemy, who was advancing in the woods. These pieces opened fire with canister most effectively, and checked the enemy's advance on that point.

I now directed Gen. Schenck to draw his lines near to us and to attack the enemy's right flank and rear by a change of front to the right, thereby assisting our troops in the centre. This movement could not be executed by General Schenck with his whole division, as he became briskly engaged with the enemy, who tried to turn our extreme left. At this critical moment, when the enemy almost outflanked us on both wings, and was preparing a new attack against our centre, Gen. Kearney arrived on the field of battle and deployed by the Sudley Spring road on our right, while Gen. Reno's troops came to our support by the Gainesville turnpike. With the consent of Gen. Reno, I directed two regiments and one battery under Brigadier General Stevens to take position on the right of Gen. Schenck—the battery on an eminence in front and centre of our line, where it did excellent work during the rest of the day, and where it relieved Capt. Dilger's battery, which held this position the whole morning. Three regiments were posted between Gen. Milroy and Gen. Schenck, and two others with two mounted batteries were sent to the assistance of Gen. Schurz.

Scarcely were these troops in position when the contest began with renewed vigor and vehemence, the enemy attacking furiously along our whole line, from the extreme right to the extreme left. The infantry brigade of Gen. Steinwehr, commanded by Col. Koltes, was then sent forward to the assistance of Generals Schenck and Schurz, and one regiment was detailed for the protection of a battery posted in reserve near our centre. The troops of Brig. General Reynolds had, meanwhile (12 o'clock), taken position on our left.

In order to defend our right, I sent a letter to Gen. Kearney, saying that Longstreet was not able to bring his troops in line of battle that day, and requesting him (Kearney) to change his front to the left and to advance, if possible, against the enemy's left flank. To assist him in this movement, I ordered two long-range rifled guns to report to him, as his own battery had remained in reserve behind his lines.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon Gen. Hooker's troops arrived on the field of battle, and were immediately ordered forward by their noble commander to participate in the battle. One brigade, under Col. Carr, received orders, by my request, to relieve the regiments of General Schurz's division, which had maintained their ground against repeated attacks, but were now worn out and nearly without ammunition. Other regiments were sent forward to relieve Brig. Gen. Milroy, whose brigade had valiantly disputed the ground against greatly superior numbers for eight hours.

To check the enemy if he should attempt to advance, and for the purpose of preparing and supporting an attack from this side, I placed four batteries of different commands on a range of hills on our centre, and behind the woods, which had been the most hotly-contested part of the battle-field during the day.

I had previously received a letter from Major-Gen. Pope, saying that Fitz John Porter's corps and Sykes' brigade of Gen